

782.6
H117f
1917

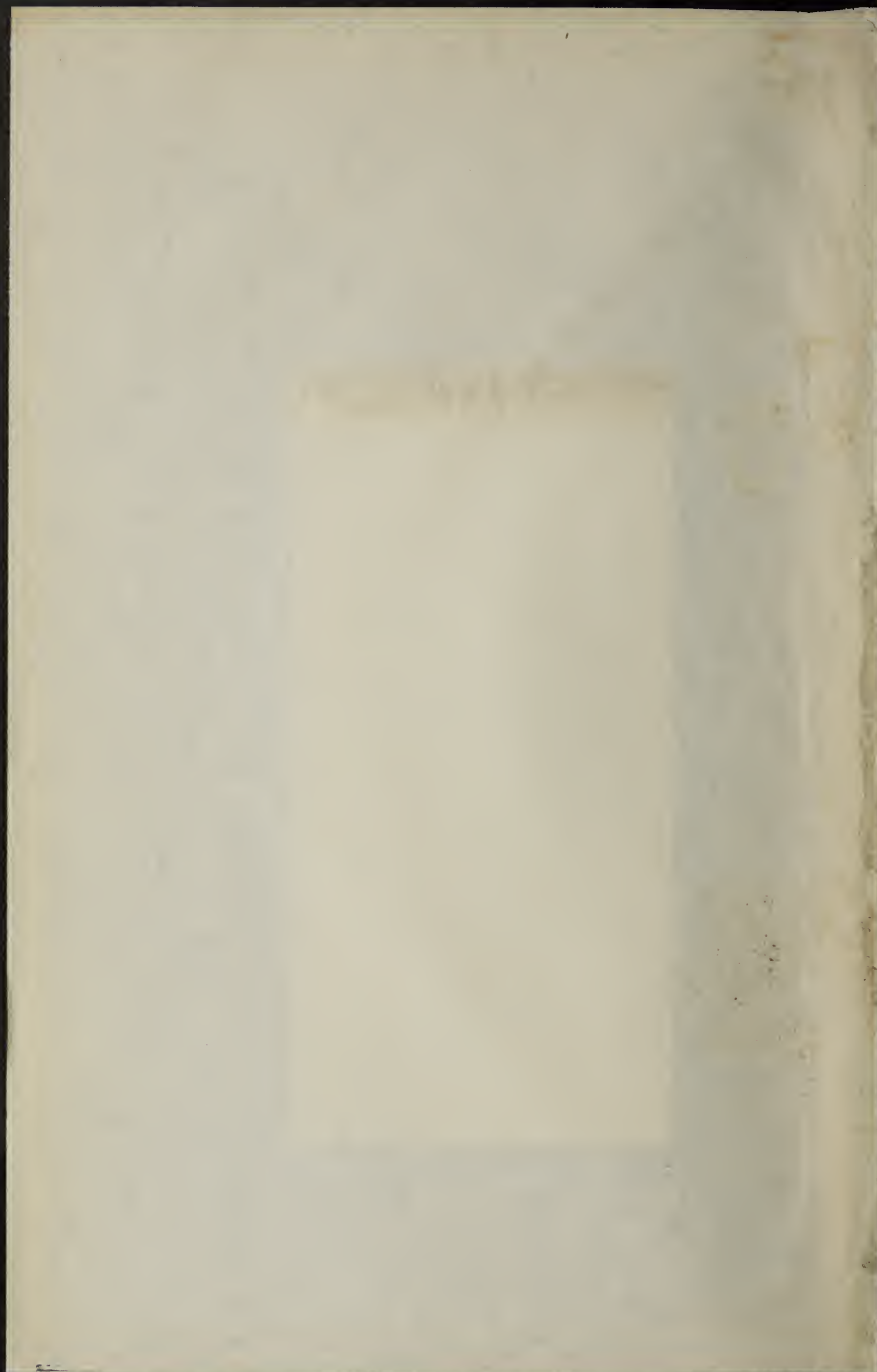
HADLEY
THE FIRE-PRINCE

Return this book on or before the
Latest Date stamped below.

University of Illinois Library

DEC 1 2 1961

L161—H41



LIBRETTO
THE
FIRE-PRINCE

AN OPERETTA

LIBRETTO BY
DAVID STEVENS

MUSIC BY
HENRY HADLEY

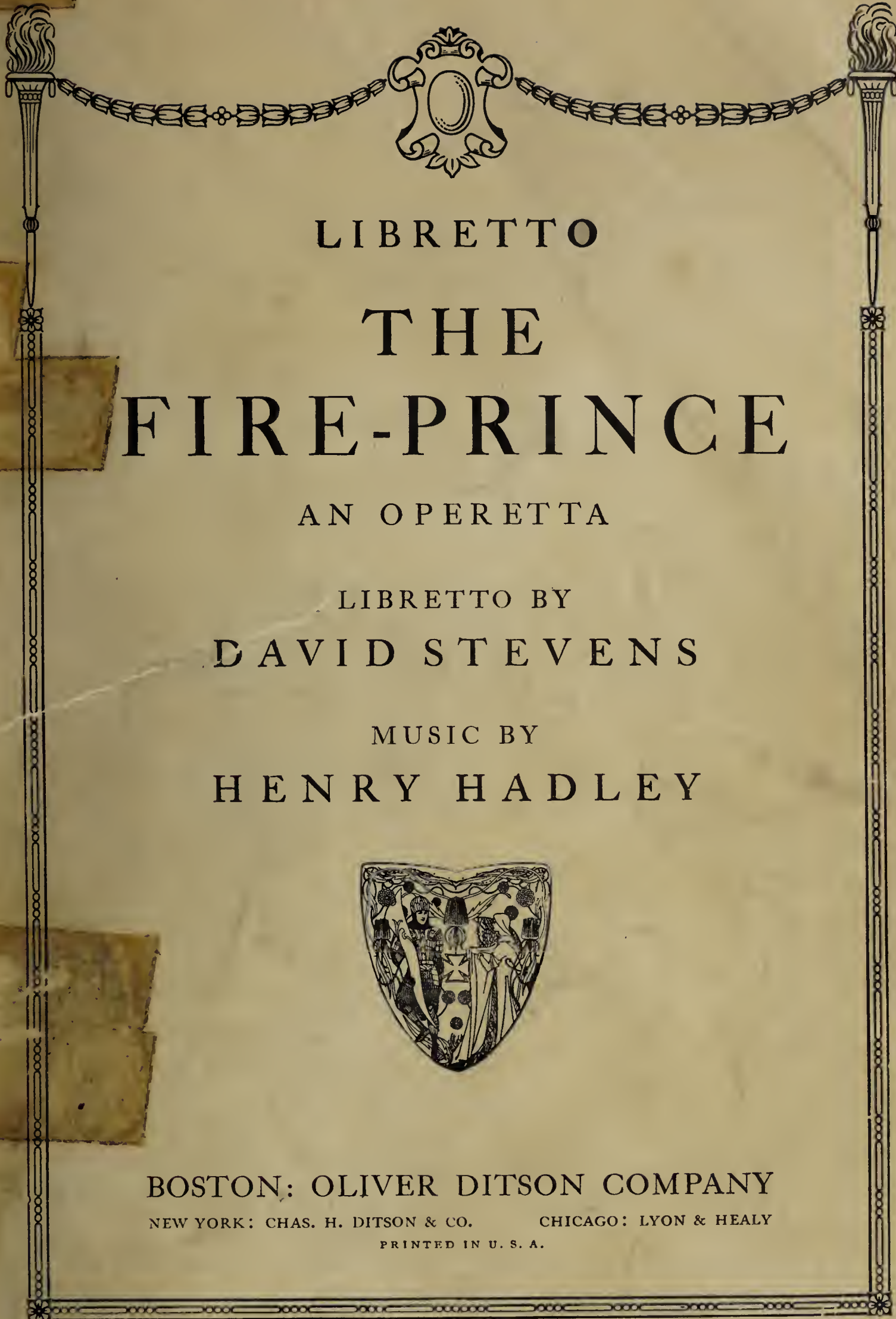


BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.



COPYRIGHT, MCMXVII, BY OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

Important Notice

Performance of this work without the permission of the owner of the copyright is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws for unlawful performance.

Copying of either the separate parts or the whole or any portion of this work by any process whatsoever is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws of the United States

Orchestrating the whole or any part of this work is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws of the United States.

For the **Right to Perform** this work permission in writing must be obtained from the *Oliver Ditson Company*, sole owner of the publishing and performing rights.

Orchestra score and parts may be rented of the publishers

782.6

H117f

1917 MUSIC

The Story

ACT I.

At the time the action begins, *Prigio* is an opinionated youth, remarkable for the fact among others, that he does not believe in Fairies, notwithstanding the prevailing belief that a number of very influential ones attended his christening.

As a matter of fact the Fairies *were* present on that interesting occasion and bestowed on the infant sceptic many useful magic gifts. But at the same time a Bad Fairy so arranged matters that he became the cleverest person in *Pantouflia* and is, of course, cordially detested by all except his mother, who shares his disbelief in Fairies.

The christening gifts, through *Prigio's* indifference, are treated with the utmost neglect, no attempt ever having been made to use them.

Prigio's younger brothers, *Alphonso* and *Enrico*, being of no more than ordinary intelligence, are popular, especially with *Molinda* and *Kathleena*.

About this time a terrible scourge of heat falls on the land and the *Wise Man* expresses the belief that it is caused by the *Firedrake*, which, as everybody knows, is a monster whose normal temperature is terrific. It therefore becomes obvious that something must be done. Both *Alphonso* and *Enrico* nobly volunteer to fight him; but the *King*, thinking he sees a way to dispose of his too-clever son, proposes that *Prigio*, being the eldest, in accordance with tradition should first engage the monster.

This proposal *Prigio* flatly declines on the frivolous ground that he doesn't believe in Firedrakes; so *Alphonso* goes, and presently a wireless message from the *Firedrake* makes the young man's fate only too certain. *Enrico* then bravely departs on the perilous errand and news of his incineration is shortly received.

In the meantime *Rosa*, the Spanish Ambassador's daughter, has appeared incognito and has made the acquaintance of *Prigio*, who is deeply impressed. *Rosa's* stay is brief, as she is engaged for a ball that evening at the Embassy and departs somewhat unceremoniously.

When the *King* learns of the fate that has overtaken his two sons, he is so enraged that he disinherits *Prigio* and, with his Court, takes himself off to his *Castle of Falkenstein*, leaving *Prigio* to his own resources.

Prigio's first thought is to dine at *Glucksberg*, the capital city; but without money, clothing or means of transportation this seems impossible. The Fairy Gifts are at hand, however, and he is clever enough to see no risk in testing them, especially as he is alone. He accordingly equips himself with the Seven League Boots, Wishing Cap, etc., and wishes himself in *Glucksberg*, just forty-nine leagues distant. *Seven Strides Take Him There!* Ah, *Prigio*, what do you think of Fairies, now?

ACT II.

At *Glucksberg* resides the Spanish Ambassador, who, on this evening, is giving a ball. *Prigio's* last stride leaves him directly in front of the Embassy, and hearing music, he enters.

Here a series of fortunate events brings him into pleasant intimacy with *Rosa*, and when she declares a wish to possess the horns and tail of the *Firedrake*, *Prigio* gallantly offers to procure them and departs for that purpose.

Meanwhile the *King* has issued a Proclamation offering as reward for the horns and tail of the *Firedrake*, a money prize and the hand of *Molinda* in marriage. This Proclamation is published at the Ambassador's ball and creates a genuine sensation.

Prigio, however, presently returns with the desired horns and tail, which, together with his Magic Carpet, he entrusts to *Benson*, the butler. The latter retires with them to the hall, where, stimulated by the promised reward, he indulges in the wish that he were the lucky man to present the trophies to the *King*. Now a remarkable thing occurs; for *Benson* happens to be standing on the Magic Carpet with the horns and tail under his arm when he utters his fervent wish, and instantly he *Flies Out of the Open Window and Away to Falkenstein!*

This unforeseen event makes it necessary for *Prigio* to follow at once with the aid of his Seven League Boots, and shortly he returns on the Magic Carpet accompanied by everybody concerned. He has no difficulty in establishing his claim to the reward, but being by this time betrothed to Rosa, he declines the part which involves the hand of *Molinda*. The *King* unreasonably requires that *Prigio* shall marry *Molinda* or perish on the gallows; and, suddenly remembering the unlimited resources of his guardian sprites, the clever youth confidently announces that he will restore his brothers to life or destroy himself. His father agrees to this solution and *Prigio* is left alone. He proceeds to call the Fairies who promptly respond, and after some delay caused by the dances which are, of course, inseparable from Fairy operations, they provide him with a quantity of Magic Waters, which are guaranteed to restore animation in the most hopeless case. He departs on his joyful errand and soon returns with *Alphonso* and *Enrico* in perfect health. The outcome is easy to foresee.

The Fire-Prince

An Operetta in two acts.

DAVID STEVENS

HENRY HADLEY

CHARACTERS

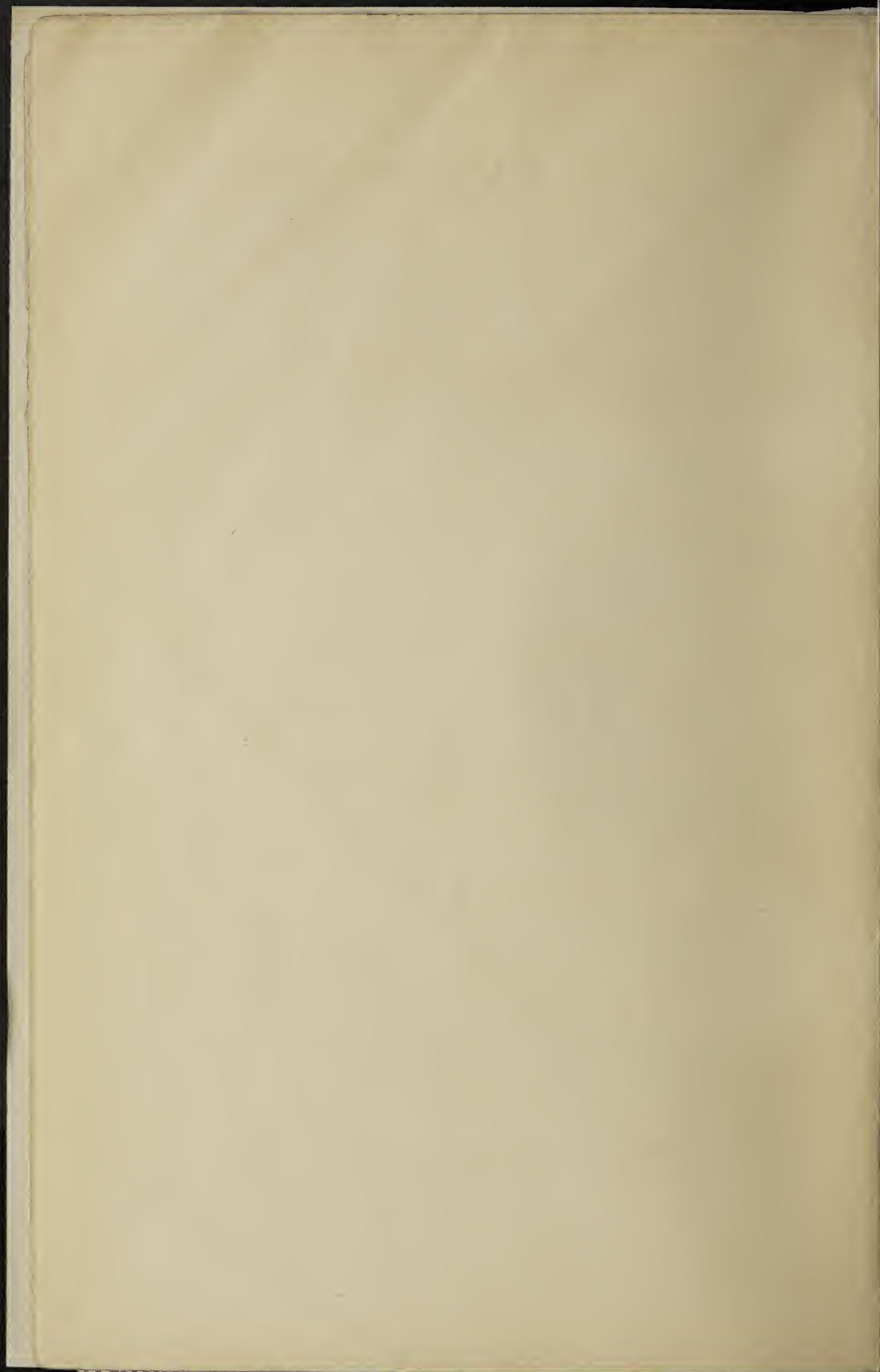
GROGNIO		King of Pantouflia
PRIGIO		His Eldest Son, the Fire-Prince
ALPHONSO	} . . .	Prigio's Brothers
ENRICO		
THE WISE MAN	. . .	Tutor to the Princes
DON RODERIGO	. . .	Spanish Ambassador to Pantouflia
FREDERIC	. . .	{ A Pantouflian Officer attached to the Spanish Embassy
BENSON	. . .	The Ambassador's English Butler
WILLIAM	. . .	Head Page Boy at the Embassy
MESSSENGER	. . .	From the Wireless Office
ISADORA	. . .	Queen of Pantouflia
LADY MOLINDA	} .	Nieces of the King
LADY KATHLEENA		
THE DUCHESS	. . .	Honorary Governess
ROSA	. . .	Daughter of the Spanish Ambassador
TERESA	. . .	Her Friend

Ladies and gentlemen of the Court; Guests of the Spanish
Ambassador; Soldiers; Pages and other servants.

SCENES

ACT I. Garden of the Summer Palace. Sunset.

ACT II. Ball Room at the Spanish Embassy. Evening of the
same day.



THE FIRE-PRINCE

OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I

Grounds of GROGNIO'S summer palace, showing pergola, ornamental shrubbery, etc. Distant view of landscape. Part of palace-wing is shown at L., with practicable casement and shutter, high enough above the stage to represent the second floor. At about R. 2. stands an elaborate and large dustbin, bearing the Royal Arms and conspicuously marked: "DUST". On a wall of the palace-wing, in plain view, hangs a huge thermometer, the tube filled with red which can be worked up and down from behind.

AT RISE are seen LADIES MOLINDA and KATHLEENA, with Young Men and Girls, each studiously conning a book, some seated, others walking about. Before the rise of the curtain a humming sound is heard — the pupils audibly mumbling over their lessons.

No. 1. SCENE: (a) THE HISTORY LESSON

CHORUS

(*Lips closed*)

Mmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m,
First William the Norman and William, his son,
Mmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m,
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John.

(*Very Confidently*)

First William the Norman and William his son,
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John!

MOLINDA

(*Rapidly*)

Now listen and hear me recite it alone:
Directly from William the Conqueror's throne:
First-William-the-Norman-and-William-his-son-
Henry-Stephen-and-Henry-then-Richard —

(*She hesitates*)

Then Richard — then Richard —

(The casement shutter opens and the Duchess appears at the window.)

DUCHESS

And that makes Richard the Third, you goose!
For such a mistake there is *no* excuse.
You'll *never* learn —

MOLINDA (*angry*).

I don't care *that*!

I'll study no more today — that's flat!
(*Throws down her book.*)

KATHLEENA

Nor I!

(*Throws down book.*)

GIRLS

Nor I!

(*Throw down books.*)

BOYS

Nor I!

(*Throw down books.*)

(Enter Alphonso and Enrico.)

ALPHONSO

What's this, what's this!

ENRICO

A mutiny on board?

(Both turn and looking up, see the Duchess at the window. They assume troubadour attitudes, business of thrumming guitar and sing:

ALPHONSO AND ENRICO

I see my love at the casement high!
She waits for a sign from me! (*Duchess slams the shutter to.*)

ALPHONSO

Away with silly history!
And what care we for other lands?
We're well-informed about our own —
Pantouflia! Pantouflia!

ENSEMBLE: (b) PANTOUFLIA!

ALPHONSO

Of all the Kingdoms here or there,
No other kingdom can compare
In modern Europe anywhere,

MOLINDA

Or even Asia Minor!

CHORUS

In modern Europe anywhere,
Or even Asia Minor!

ENRICO

With our delectable domain,
Beneath our King's indulgent reign,
We wish to make it very plain —

KATHLEENA

That nothing could be finer!

CHORUS

We wish to make it very plain
That nothing could be finer!

TUTTI

Pantouflia! Pantouflia!
There's no place like Pantouflia!
We've neither care nor sorrow
And we never, never borrow
Any trouble for tomorrow
In Pantouflia!

MOLINDA

We all have muffins every day
And orange marmalade;

KATHLEENA

Our thirst we always can allay
With tea and lemonade;

CHORUS

We all have muffins every day
And orange marmalade;
Our thirst we always can allay
With tea and lemonade.

ENRICO

With people of the middle class
We never interfere;

ALPHONSO

There are no signs: "Keep off the grass!"
Or "Do not loiter here!"

TUTTI

With people of the middle class
We never interfere;
There are no signs: "Keep off the grass"
Or "Do not loiter here!"

Pantouflia! Pantouflia!
There's no place like Pantouflia!
We've neither care nor sorrow
And we never, never, borrow
Any trouble for tomorrow
In Pantouflia!

(Dance. At the conclusion of the number, the Duchess enters.)

Duchess. In spite of your ignorance of other countries, I am glad you appreciate your own. So few people know when they are well off.

(Molinda goes to Duchess and puts her arm round her affectionately.)

Molinda. *We* know, at any rate. We're lucky to have such a *wonderful* governess.

(She winks at Kathleena, who puts her arm round the Duchess on the other side.)

Kathleena. (*winking at Molinda*) Yes, indeed!

(Molinda and Kathleena whisper behind the Duchess's back during the following dialogue, turning their heads to the front when they speak and immediately resuming their whispering attitude; this unnoticed by the Duchess).

Duchess. I have tried to bring you up to be good girls. And you *are* good girls?

Molinda and Kathleena. Oh, *my*, yes!

Duchess. I thought so. And you are well-grounded in the parts of speech.

Molinda and Kathleena. Oh, *my*, yes!

Kathleena (*moving away*). We know them all.

Duchess. Not all, my dear. There are a few irregular verbs in the Pantouflian language I have thought best to ignore. I cannot endure anything irregular.

Molinda. You've always been a *regular* duck.

Duchess (*horrified*). Molinda!

Molinda. I said "Regular *duck*."

Duchess (*mollified*). Ah, yes; you mean well, no doubt. But those who know me best would hardly seek to win my esteem by alluding to me as — er — — a duck!

Alphonso (*affectionately*). How would "Birdie" do?

Duchess (*severely*). I am not permitted to reprimand you; I will only observe that I *am* never treated with levity by Prince Prigio.

Alphonso and Enrico (*turning away in disgust*). Oh, Prigio!

Molinda. Prigio's too clever for words! But why can't we get along with him? I have no trouble with Alphonso. (*Business with Alphonso*).

Kathleena (*same business*). Nor I with Enrico.

Molinda. Prigio barely nods to us.

Kathleena. He spoke to *me* this morning.

Duchess. No doubt for the purpose of imparting information.

Kathleena. Not at all; he *wanted* information.

Molinda (*interested*). What did he say?

Kathleena (*scornfully*). He said: "And whose little girl are you?"

Molinda. Insufferable!

Alphonso (*to Enrico*). Old Prigio! What?

Enrico. Rather!

Duchess. We must make allowances for Prigio. We all know he is too clever, but perhaps you don't know how he became so.

Kathleena. We've heard rumors — something about Fairies.

Molinda. If there's any excuse for him, for goodness sake, let's have it!

No. 2

SONG: "The Fairy Ban."

(DUCHESS and CHORUS)

DUCHESS

When Prigio was six months old,
Of course they had him christened;
They say he was as good as gold
And just sat up and listened.

CHORUS

He just sat up and listened!

DUCHESS

He didn't kick — he didn't cry,
As babies do frequently,
He looked the Bishop in the eye
And smiled benevolently.

CHORUS

He looked the Bishop in the eye
And smiled benevolently!

DUCHESS

They gave a spread attended by
The local dignitaries,
They even asked the smaller fry —
But didn't ask the Fairies.

CHORUS

They didn't ask the Fairies!

DUCHESS

But after all the Fairies came,
All bitterness concealing,
And brought their presents just the same,
To show there was no feeling.

CHORUS

They brought their presents just the same,
To show there was no feeling!

DUCHESS

But one bad Fairy felt the slight,
And said, as she was going:
"This infant shall be *over-bright* —
And *very much too knowing*!"

CHORUS

She made him much too knowing!

DUCHESS

And so it happens, as you see,
That Prigio, forever,
Unpopular is bound to be
Because he is too clever.

CHORUS
Unpopular he's sure to be
Because he is too clever!

Duchess (*at the conclusion*). So you see.

Molinda. How very interesting! *That's* the way he came to know more than all of us put together.

Alphonso (*protesting*). Oh, I say!

Enrico. *All* of us! What!

Duchess. I haven't said that he knows more than all of us put together — but he conveys that impression.

Kathleena. He *is* clever.

Duchess. *Too* clever, my dear. It was only lately I detected him in the act of trying to teach his grandmother how to — ahem! teaching his grandmother — an art with which she has long been *perfectly* familiar.

Molinda. You don't mean it!

Duchess. Mm-mm!

Kathleena. Well, of all things!

Duchess. Yes, my dears:

Alphonso (*to Enrico*). Ho, ho! Grandmother! What?

Enrico. Rather!

Molinda. Well, I think he's horrid! He's always asking me: "Have I read this?" or "Have I read that?" If I say I haven't, he sneers; and if I say I have — he finds me out.

Kathleena (*to Duchess*). But what became of the presents the Fairies brought him?

Duchess. Thrown with the rubbish — (*points to Dustbin*) — in there.

Molinda. In the dustbin!

Duchess. Yes; Seven League Boots; Magic Carpet; Cloak of Darkness; Wishing Cap, and I don't know *what* else. I daresay they're still there. (*Goes to dustbin and lifts the cover*). Yes, there they are and there they have remained since the christening day.

Kathleena. What! Twenty years?

Duchess. Twenty years. The dustman is very irregular.

Molinda. But why doesn't Prigio try them?

Duchess. Because *he doesn't believe in Fairies*.

Molinda (*amazed*). Not believe in Fairies!

Chorus. *Not believe in Fairies!*

Kathleena. Has he never seen Peter Pan?

Duchess. Never; he doesn't even believe in Mr. Barrie.

(Duchess exits)

Alphonso (*to Enrico*). Old Prigio! What?

Enrico. Rather!

(Music cue for King's entrance. Enter servant.)

Servant. His majesty!

(The King, Grogno, saunters on; he carries a watering-pot and appears to have been watering the flowers. He turns it upside down to let the last drops escape, tosses it to an Attendant and goes into song.)

No. 3 SONG:

Tra, la, la, lay!

(KING and CHORUS)

KING

I rule as happy a kingdom here
As any on the hemisphere;
My people, one can easily see,
All try to make it nice for me
And pay their rates with a cheerful glee
On every quarter-day.

CHORUS

Oh, yes!

We pay our rates with alacrity
On every quarter-day!

KING

But still there is, I can't dispute,
A rift in the ointment, a fly in the lute;
A clever son is a tiresome thing,
When you're not an especially clever king,
But nevertheless, I can dance and sing,
Tra-la, la-la, la, la, lay!

CHORUS

Oh, yes!

He nevertheless can dance and sing,
Tra-la, la-la, la, la, lay!

REFRAIN

KING

For my feet are light and my heart is gay
So long as they give me my Royal Way:
I sing and I dance all the livelong day,
Tra-la, la-la-la, Tra-la la-la, lay!

CHORUS

For his feet are light and his heart is gay,
So long as they give him his Royal Way;
He'll sing and he'll dance all the livelong day,
Tra-la, la-la-la, Tra-la la-la, lay!

KING

I never made any great pretence
At doing sums in pounds and pence;
I reckon, as I've always done,
That twenty-three shillings is two-pound-one —
But that doesn't suit my eldest son,
He calls it one-pound-three!

CHORUS

Oh, no!

That *wouldn't* suit your eldest son,
For it really *is* one-pound-three!

KING

He rates my grammar "very bad"
When I happen to say: "You better had;"
In fact, he never will lose a chance
To criticize my utterance —
But nevertheless I can sing and dance,
Tra-la, la- la, la, la, lee!

CHORUS

Oh, yes!

He nevertheless can sing and dance,
Tra-la, la-la, la, la, lee!

REFRAIN

KING

For my feet are light and my heart is gay
So long as they give me my Royal Way;
I sing and I dance all the livelong day,
Tra-la, la-la-la, Tra-la la, lay!

CHORUS

For his feet are light and his heart is gay
So long as they give him his Royal Way;
He'll sing and he'll dance all the livelong day,
Tra-la, la-la-la, Tra-la-la, lay!

(Dance and picture. At the conclusion the Queen's voice is heard off.)

Queen (off). Shoo! Sh-o-o-o-o!! Get out of that flower-bed! You *critters*! (A great squawking of fowl is heard off.)

King (excited). She's chasing my chickens again! (Renewed squawking off. Chorus much interested. Enter Servant.)

Servant. Her majesty, the Queen! (The Queen enters, somewhat breathless; Servant exits.)

Queen. If you're going to keep hens, Grogno, I wish you'd keep them out of my garden. Pesky nuisances!

King. My dear, the domestic hen, when not ^{chased} ~~chivied~~ round the place, is capable of the deepest affection. My hens *love* me.

Queen. You ought to love them; they're dear enough.

King. I notice you like your boiled egg for breakfast.

Queen. Have you any idea what that egg *costs*?

King. I never said I could make hens *pay*!

Queen. Not even Prigio could make hens pay.

King (crossly). Oh, Prigio! Prigio!

Queen (looking significantly at Chorus). Are you going to make a scene before all these people?

King. No: I'm going to wait till they're gone. (To Chorus) You may — ah — disperse.

(The Chorus exeunt singing the refrain of the last song, during which the King makes a feeble attempt to dance, cut short by the Queen's severe manner.)

Queen. Now, then; I hear you have been disparaging Prigio again. I wonder at you.

King. Prigio is a—a—

Queen. Be careful what you say!

King. Prigio is an exasperating character! And *very* unpopular.

Queen. Clever people are always unpopular.

King. Everybody dotes on Alphonso and Enrico.

Queen. That's because they're stupid. *You*, also, are popular.

King (annoyed). Isadora, that's *not* a nice thing to say.

Queen. I said you are popular. I call it a *very* nice thing to say.

King. Well, anyway, Prigio's a bore! He accused me yesterday of "splitting an infinitive," whatever that means.

Queen. You do so constantly; and Prigio doesn't like it.

King (with sarcasm). Oh, he doesn't like it! (Shakes his fist in the air). Ah, that Bad Fairy got even with us for not inviting her to the party!

Queen. Still talking about those Fairies! Hasn't Prigio told you there are no Fairies?

King. Of course he has. He's *always* telling me there's no such thing as this or that. He told me the other day that there's no such person as Santa Claus.

Queen. Quite right; a mere childish myth.

King. But I know there *are* Fairies. I've got a dimple on my knee the Fairies put there. Besides I *saw* them at Prigio's christening.

Queen (*in a superior manner*). We *thought* we saw them. In these days of hypnotism and mental suggestion —

King. There you are again! You get that kind of talk from Prigio. But how do you account for those Fairy presents — Seven League Boots and things? Ha, ha!

Queen (*loftily*). A frivolous and unbecoming joke on the part of — someone who shall be nameless.

King. If you mean me — as you always do when you say "Someone who shall be nameless," I deny it utterly! The Fairies left them — and I believe in Fairies!

Queen. And I don't!

(During the following number, the Chorus enter, all with large Fairy books, getting on in time for the last refrain.)

No. 4. DUET:

Fairies

(King and Queen)

KING

I firmly believe in Fairies
As I firmly believe I'm King;

QUEEN

And I am as certain that there is
No warrant for any such thing.

KING

I've read all the stories about them,
I would not disbelieve if I could;

QUEEN

Pardon me, if I venture to doubt them,
For I wouldn't believe if I could!

BOTH

KING

Fairies! Fairies!
I *will* believe in Fairies!
Say what you may,
I'll have my way
And *will* believe in Fairies!

QUEEN

Fairies! Fairies!
I *won't* believe in Fairies!
Say what you may,
I'll have my way
And *won't* believe in Fairies!

QUEEN

All the best modern writers refute them,
And their judgment is better than mine;

KING

How *can* you pretend to dispute them,
When we certainly had them to dine!

QUEEN

I've explained that was mental suggestion,
And you can't believe all that you see;

KING

Well, that's a mysterious question
On which we shall never agree.

KING

Fairies! Fairies!
I *will* believe in Fairies!
Say what you may,
I'll have my way
And *will* believe in Fairies!

QUEEN

Fairies! Fairies!
I *won't* believe in Fairies!
Say what you may,
I'll have my way
And *won't* believe in Fairies!

(The Chorus have entered)

TUTTI

Fairies! Fairies!
We all believe in Fairies!
Say what you may,
We'll have our way
And all believe in Fairies!

(Dance and all exeunt. When the stage is clear, enter the Duchess, very much ruffled in temper; she is followed by Molinda.)

Duchess. Prigio grows more insufferable every day!

Molinda. Every minute! What now? I thought you liked him.

Duchess. I've tried to, but it's no use. My dear, he *is* too clever. You know I haven't slept very well lately, and since Prigio knows so much, I thought I would ask him what he does when he can't sleep.

Molinda. And what did he say?

Duchess. He said: "I lie awake."

Molinda. Smartie!

(Enter King with newspaper in his hand.)

King (*indignantly*). This is too much! Ah, Duchess, how-d'ye-do! Look here: Prigio's written a letter to the Times!

Duchess. Everybody does that, sire.

King. Very likely, but not *this* kind of letter. (*He smites the paper violently with his fist.*)

Molinda. What is it about, uncle?

King. It's a scandalous thing! Listen! He says that when a King of Pantouflia reaches the age of sixty, he should be retired on an old-age pension.

Duchess. Indeed! And how old is your majesty?

King. Sixty! Day before yesterday!

Duchess. Dear me! What a remarkable coincidence!

King (*with sarcasm*). Coincidence! Ah, ha! Remarkable! But I'll show him! I've only been waiting for the chance. I'll disinherit him!

Molinda. But can you do that, uncle?

King. Can I do it? Please observe me closely. (*Shouts*). Hi! (*Enter Servant*). Summon the court! (*Servant exists*). I'll show him! I'm tired of hearing his opinion on every subject under the sun!

Duchess. But he is frequently right.

King. *Always!!* That's what makes me mad! (*Kathleena, Alphonso, Enrico and Chorus enter*). Ah, here you are — all but Prigio. *He* won't come till he hears somebody making a statement that he can contradict. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do.

No. 5 SCENE:

The Time has Come.

KING

The time has come, my loyal friends,
For something to be done
Regarding the behavior of
My clever eldest son.

CHORUS

We're highly complimented, sire,
That you should confide in us;
We always like to be on hand
Whenever there is a fuss.

KING

Since Prigio began to talk
He's made it his vocation
To fill his noddle with a stock
Of useless information.
And, since I find it does no good
To punish and demerit him,
I've finally made up my mind
That I will disinherit him!

CHORUS (*amazed*)

You're going to disinherit him!

KING

I'm going to disinherit him,
I'm — going — to — dis — in — herit him!

(Sensation: a short pause and Prigio enters with great nonchalance and deliberation.)

PRIGIO

Your pardon, sire — I overheard
Your amiable resolution;
I'm sorry, but — it can't be done —
It's against the Constitution!

CHORUS (*with vivacity*)

We're sorry sire — it can't be done,
For there's the Constitution!

KING (*enraged*)

Oh, yes! Quite so! As I supposed,
It is no use whatever
To try to get the better of
A youth who is so clever! (*The King exits furious*)

CHORUS

No man can get the best of him,
Because he is so clever!

SONG: (b)

General Information.

I

PRIGIO

Tho' I never have boasted,
I'm certainly posted
In matters both plain and obscure;
In items of knowledge
You don't get in college
My intellect's very mature.
My great erudition
Comes by intuition —
Perhaps *you* would call it good luck;
I never claim credit
For knowledge — I shed it
As water rolls off from a duck.

REFRAIN

PRIGIO

Information, General Information!
No matter how wise a man may be,
Sooner or later he comes to me;
For Information
I am the Central Station,
I'm never in doubt
And I'm never without
General Information!

CHORUS

Information, General Information!
No matter how wise a man may be,
Prigio's wiser by far than he;
For Information
He is the Central Station;
He's never in doubt and he's never without
General Information!

II

PRIGIO

I have learned to discover
The errors that hover
Around the traditions of youth;
The tales you have followed
And eagerly swallowed
Contain not an atom of truth.
That Indian dame,
Pocahontas by name,
Did *not* save the life of John Smith,
And G. Washington, he
Never chopped any tree
And the yarn that he did is a myth.

(Refrain and repeat as before).

III

PRIGIO

~~The fair Sleeping Beauty,~~
I deem it my duty
To say would no longer convince;
That character sly
Was awake in one eye
All the while she awaited the Prince.
And the stories they tell a-
bout Aunt Cinderella,
Of rubbishy gammon are full,
"Glass slippers" all bosh is —
For she wore galoshes,
~~And married a broker in wool!~~

(Refrain and repeat as before.)

Prigio (*at conclusion*). Disinherit me, eh? It is laughable. But can anyone explain why the King is so anxious to be rid of me?

Molinda. He read your letter to the Times.

Prigio. Read it! Absurd! You don't mean to tell me anybody ever *reads* letters to the Times? Besides, I said nothing new.

Kathleena. But he thinks the old-age pension part was aimed at him.

Prigio. How penetrating! But no more at him than at any other King of Pantouflia.

Molinda. But there isn't any other King of Pantouflia.

Prigio. Precisely; but, if my plan is carried out, there *will* be. (*The Wise Man enters. He is poring over a book, very much absorbed.*) Ah, my tutor. How is my worthy instructor getting on with the book?

Wise Man. I can't make head or tail of it.

Prigio. Indeed? What is it called?

Wise Man (*looking at the back*). "A Book of Modern Poetry."

Prigio (*turning away*). Ah! That's another matter.

(The Wise Man throws the book violently to the ground and kicks it off the stage, nearly losing his balance in doing so, and dances with rage. Two of the Chorus come down and lead him up stage. The King enters in considerable excitement.)

King. Look here, has anybody noticed the mercury? (*All turn and look at the thermometer, which can be seen slowly rising.*) Look at that, will you. It's getting hotter every minute. Don't you feel it? (*He wipes his brow. Enter Queen.*)

Queen (*to King*). My dear, have you noticed the heat?

King. Heat! I should say so! (*Enter Servant*).

Servant. Your majesty, the grass is burning up, the wells are dry and the paint is blistering on the palace walls.

King (*excited*). There! I knew it! I told you something would happen. (*Servant exits*).

Queen. Can't Prigio tell us why it is so hot?

Prigio (*coming down airily*). Nothing easier, dear mother. Heat may be described as the unknown cause of the sensation of warmth. In considering the subject scientifically —

King. Stop! I won't listen to your nonsense! Where's my Wise Man?

Prigio (*loftily*). Since my views are unwelcome, I will, with your majesty's permission, withdraw. (*Prigio bows and struts off.*)

King. Withdraw as far as you like! (*Wise Man has come down; King addresses him*). Now tell me the meaning of all this heat.

Wise Man. It means, sire, that there must be a Firedrake in the neighborhood.

King. A Firedrake!

Chorus. Firedrake!

Wise Man. The proximity of a Firedrake would account for the unusual heat.

King. But what is a Firedrake?

Queen. I never heard of such a silly thing.

Wise Man. If your Majesty will permit me, I will describe the terrible monster.

No. 6. SONG:

The Firedrake.

WISE MAN

In a gruesome den
By the steaming fen,
Where noxious vapors rise,
All seething hot,
In his sultry spot,
The flaming Firedrake lies.
He lives on coal
He swallows whole
At the incandescent stage,
And lava, he
Consumes with glee,
His burning thirst to suage.

REFRAIN

WISE MAN
The Firedrake!

CHORUS
The Firedrake!

WISE MAN
A tropical beast is the Firedrake!
The bragging, boasting,
Raging, roasting,
Torrid, toasting
Firedrake!

(The Chorus repeat the refrain.)

II
WISE MAN
The skin of his
Whole body is
Of armor-plate comprised,
All tested for
Defect and flaw,
And also Harvey-ized.
His fiery breath,
So fraught with death,
No mortal can endure;
And no M. D.
Tho' skilful he,
Could take his temp'ature.

REFRAIN

WISE MAN
The Firedrake!

CHORUS
The Firedrake!
A tropical beast is the Firedrake!
The bragging, boasting,
Raging, roasting,
Torrid, toasting
Firedrake!

(Chorus repeat. Dance and picture.)

King (*at conclusion*). That sounds like a high-powered motor-car. What can we do about it?

Queen. I say call the fire department.

Wise Man. Pardon me, your majesty, all the fire departments in Pantouflia couldn't put him out. The water would vaporize and nothing would result but a heavy fog.

Queen. Then it won't do. I can't endure a fog.

King. How about putting him to death?

Wise Man. Many bold knights have ventured against him, but — none ever came back.

Alphonso. I'll fight him! What!

Enrico. Rather! So'll I!

King. Wait a minute! Ah, ha! In matters of this sort, the eldest son always goes first. Call Prigio! (*One of the Chorus exits*). Here's a chance to get rid of him for good. (*The messenger returns with Prigio.*) Prigio, there's a Firedrake loose round here somewhere. You've noticed the heat?

Prigio. Yes, sir; and I was about to say —

King. Yes, I know; but you listen to what I was about to say. This Firedrake must be destroyed and you're the man to do it.

Queen (*rushing to Prigio's side*). I can't have my Prigio sent to certain death!

Prigio (*soothing her*). There, there, mother; don't worry.

King. And you must start at once.

Prigio. I would not object to going — but, I don't believe in Firedrakes.

King (*angrily*). You don't *have* to believe in him. All you've got to do is to *kill* him. Go out and talk him to death. (*King chuckles at his joke.*)

Queen (*proudly*). You could, couldn't you, Prigio?

Prigio (*to King*). Your arguments are unconvincing. I must decline to embark on any enterprise that does not have the approval of my own judgment. (*He bows and exits very loftily with much deliberation and manner.*)

King. Will you listen to that! I don't suppose I can *make* him go.

Alphonso. You don't need to, sire. I will go! Bring my sword! (*Sensation. Servant exits.*)

Queen (*anxiously*). You'll need your asbestos mittens. (*Molinda bursts into tears.*)

King (*impatiently to Molinda*). Now, what's the matter with *you*?

Alphonso. Don't you worry about me, Molly. Good sport — what?

Enrico. Rather!

(Servant enters with sword which he hands to Alphonso, who takes a position at C.)

King. Now, my noble boy, go out and ~~fetch~~ me the horns and tail of the Firedrake — I don't care for the whole animal, you understand, — just the horns and tail.

Chorus. Hurray for Alphonso!

(Trumpets sound. During the following number, Alphonso keeps his position at C. The other principals embrace him in turn and exeunt, except King, Queen and Molinda, who remain on until Alphonso exits.)

No. 7 ENSEMBLE:

Hail the Hero!

CHORUS

Hail the hero bold and brave,
Hail! Hail! Hail!
Forth he goes our lives to save.
Alphonso, hail!

The Firedrake! The Firedrake!
A terrible beast is the Firedrake!
Alphonso will
Directly kill
The horrid, torrid Firedrake!
With flashing sword and courage high
Alphonso cannot fail
To smite the monster hip and thigh
And fetch his horns and tail.
Alphonso is the bravest youth
In all Pantouflia,
His praise we sing
Like anything,
And loudly shout "hurrah!"

Farewell, Alphonso,
Good will you do not lack;
Farewell, Alphonso,
We hope you may come back;
But, should it chance
That you fail to re-appear,
Then to your mem'ry
We'll shed the silent tear.
Farewell!

ALPHONSO
Farewell!

CHORUS
Farewell:

(Alphonso rushes off, holding his sword aloft. The Chorus exeunt on the last phrase of the music. Molinda stands up stage, sadly looking off in the direction taken by Alphonso. The King and Queen are down stage.)

King (*in a matter-of-fact voice*). Well, now, how about dinner?

Queen. Dinner! Dinner! How can you! (*She sniffs as though she smells something*). I declare! I believe something's burning! (*She runs off, followed by King. Prigio enters from opposite side.*)

Prigio. Don't be sad, Molly. Alphonso will be back as soon as he has seen a little of the world.

Molinda (*indignant*). Seen the world, indeed! How unfeeling! You have sent your brother to certain death!

Prigio. My dear Molly, you have heard me say several times there is no such thing as a Firedrake. Besides, I didn't send him.

Molinda. That's a quibble. If you had done your duty as eldest son, Alphonso wouldn't have gone.

Prigio. But, Molly —

Molinda. And hereafter, please address me as "Lady Molinda."

Prigio (*airily*). Oh, very well, I will — if I address you at all, which is not likely.

Molinda (*snapping her fingers*). Pooh!

Prigio (*in pedantic manner*). The expression "pooh!" accompanied by a snap of the fingers — (*bus.*) — implies a certain degree of disrespect —

Molinda (*defiantly*). Well?

Prigio. Well — after all, I *am* the Crown Prince.

Molinda (*with deep curtsey*). I beg your Royal Highness's pardon; but — if you were *not* Crown Prince, I should repeat — "pooh"! (*She snaps her fingers and exits*).

Prigio. And I was just beginning to like her! Why does no one understand me? I have feelings — emotions — I am even capable of loving, if my heart would but fix itself on some *one* — instead of some dozens.

No. 8 SONG: When the Love Wind Blows.

PRIGIO

Within some unknown garden,
'Mid soft winds blowing free,
There grows one flow'r of beauty
Which blooms alone for me.
But when unto that fragrant bow'r
I guide my wand'ring feet,
How shall I know my lovely flow'r,
When all are passing sweet?

REFRAIN

Flow'r of the Lily or Flow'r of the Rose
Or Flow'r of the Columbine,
I know there is one in that blossomy close
Whose beauty is wholly mine.
But how shall I choose, for the day is brief,
Which one is for me? — who knows?
For, oh! my heart is a fluttering leaf
When the Love Wind blows!

II

Perchance my heart may linger
Beside some flow'ret fair,
Till, blowing from the southland,
The Love Wind stirs the air.
Ah! then my heart flies o'er the hill
Or down some shadow'd glen.
I find it — but 'tis flutt'ring still
And fain to fly again!

REFRAIN

Flow'r of the Lily or Flow'r of the Rose
(Etc. as before.)

(At the conclusion of his song, Prigio exits. A phrase of Spanish Zingara music is heard, accompanied by the jingle of tambourines. Rosa appears from the shrubbery, followed by Teresa and girl attendants. All are attired in Gypsy costume and carry tambourines.)

Teresa. Rosa, dear, this mad prank will lead us into trouble. You will be recognized.

Rosa (*gaily*). Not I! Who will know the Spanish Ambassador's daughter in this dress?
I *must* have one glimpse of that famous Prince Prigio and then we'll whisk home to Glucksberg in time for the ball.

Teresa. Aren't you afraid of Prigio? He is so wise.

Rosa. I'm afraid of no man — wise or simple; though I've seen few wise ones. Besides, the Duchess, who lives here, is my aunt. How quiet it is — let's make a noise!

(Zingara music; long jingle of tambourines, ending with a loud thump. Duchess, Molinda and Kathleena enter hurriedly, followed by the Chorus.)

Duchess (*haughtily*). Pray what does this intrusion mean, saucy jade?

Rosa. No, no, dear Madam; not "saucy jade," and I am very sorry if we intrude. I am a Gypsy fortune-teller and I come to tell the fortune of the Prince.

Molinda (*to Kathleena*). A fortune-teller! How thrilling!

Duchess. This is preposterous! You appear to be Spanish gypsies and it is my duty to send you at once to the Spanish Ambassador.

Rosa. No, not that! If you must send us somewhere — send us back to Spain — dear, golden Spain!

No. 9. SONG:

Golden Spain.

ROSA

Will you come with me to Golden Spain,
The land of blooming vine and flowers rare,
Where the sun is bright on hill and plain
And ev'ry smiling vale is fair?
Where the honey-blossoms sweetly grow
And the balmy zephyrs lightly blow,
Dear land of beauty bright
And pure delight,
My Golden Spain!

REFRAIN

ROSA

To thee, my Golden Spain,
I turn again,
Where skies are always blue;
Dear land of happy song
Where joy is long
And hearts are always true!

(Chorus repeat refrain).

II
ROSA

Will you come along and hear the tune
Of tinkling mandolin and castanet,
'Neath the twinkle of the stars in June,
And all your weary care forget?
When the golden day begins to fade,
Comes the murmur of the serenade,
While beams in beauty bright
And silver light
The radiant moon.

REFRAIN

To thee, my Golden Spain (*etc. as before.*)

(Chorus repeat; Spanish Dance, if desirable.)

Duchess (*at conclusion*). That may all be, but I doubt if Prigio permits you to tell his fortune.

Molinda. He doesn't permit *us* to tell him anything.

Rosa. How interesting. I'm crazy to see him!

Duchess. And what is your name, young lady?

Rosa. My name is Ro— (*She stops, hesitates and stammers*). My name — er — (*To Teresa, aside*). My name, Teresa, quick!

Teresa (*stammering*). Your name — er — yes — er — your name — is — er — is — er

Rosa (*hastily*). Yes, yes! That's it! Is — er — bella!

Duchess (*looking closely at Rosa*). Your name, Miss Gypsy, unless my eyes deceive me, is Rosa and you are my harum-scarum niece.

Rosa (*laughing*). And to think, auntie, you've been all this time finding me out.

Duchess (*severely*). Very well; but I won't be so long finding you *in*! Go to my rooms at once and remain until I find means of sending you back to your father.

Rosa. Don't worry about our getting home, auntie; we have three touring-cars and a roadster just outside.

Duchess. Scandalous! But you are not going out of my sight until I communicate with the Ambassador.

Rosa. But, auntie, we have a ball this evening —

Duchess. Not another word! Go to my apartments instantly.

Rosa. Oh, very well; I'll have a cup of tea with you. (*She takes Teresa aside*).

Wait for me at the gates. (*Rosa jingles her tambourine. Teresa and her companions follow suit and exeunt, singing refrain of "Golden Spain."*)

Duchess (*pointing to palace door*). Go!

Rosa (*waving gaily to Molinda and Kathleena*). ~~Au-revoir!~~ *Good bye!* (*She exits into palace, followed by Duchess*).

Kathleena. Rather cool.

Molinda. Very bad style. Did you notice her skirt, my dear?
(*Enter Prigio*).

Prigio. What is the excitement, young ladies?

Molinda (*loftily*). Nothing that would interest your Royal Highness. (*Molinda and Kathleena exeunt with stiff dignity, plainly indicating their dislike*).

Prigio (*sadly*). My unpopularity increases every day. (*The upper casement shutter is opened quietly and Rosa appears at the window*). And with it, my distress. For I have no desire to be unpopular. My reputation for extreme cleverness makes them all hate me; and even they haven't a notion of how clever I really am! Hush! What if I should be overheard! (*Rosa disappears*). Ah! If I could but find someone as clever as I — (*Rosa re-appears*). Someone who could make me appear stupid — once in a while. (*Rosa coughs*.)

Rosa. Ahem!

Prigio (*starting*). How long have you been listening?

Rosa. Listening, sir! I *never* listen!

Prigio. (*haughtily*). And yet people usually listen when I speak.

Rosa (*not at all impressed*). Oh, *now* I know you. You're Prince Prigio. If I were down there, I'd make you a beautiful curtsy.

Prigio. She's a beauty! Why not come down?

Rosa. Oh, I can't.

Prigio. Why not?

Rosa. Oh, my aunt!

Prigio (*severely*). That's not an answer — that's slang. Little girls shouldn't use slang.

Rosa. But little gypsies may.

Prigio. Are you a gypsy?

Rosa. Yes; I'll tell your fortune.

Prigio (*coming under the window*). Very well; tell my fortune. (*He reaches up his hand; she reaches down. Their hands are far apart*).

Rosa. I can't reach.

Prigio. Wait! (*He brings a step ladder from the pergola, places it under the window and mounts far enough to reach Rosa's hand*.)

Rosa. Now give me your hand.

Prigio. It's yours! (*Rosa takes his hand and steps through the window to the ladder*.)

Rosa. Thanks! I'll come down if you please. (*They descend. She retains a hold on his hand after they reach the stage*.) A very good hand — and you say it's mine.

Prigio (*fervently*). Forever!

Rosa. Tut, tut! This is not an elopement.

Prigio. It might be. Love laughs at locksmiths.

Rosa. Yes; but, for all you know, my father may be a gunsmith.

Prigio. Don't laugh at me!

Rosa. Well, then; don't be funny. Now, let me see your hand again. (*She looks at his palm*). You are very unpopular — on account of — er — your reputation for knowing — er — everything. (*He is annoyed and tries to withdraw his hand*). Wait! But you don't *want* to be unpopular. (*She looks into his eyes*). You — want — to — be — loved! (*Prigio returns her look with interest*).

Prigio. But you're telling the past and present; I want to know the future. Shall I be loved?

Rosa (*solemnly*). Listen! Before long you are to be deeply in love.

Prigio. Yes, yes!

Rosa. And when you tell her so, you shall hear her say —

Prigio (*eagerly*). Yes, yes — I shall hear her say —

Rosa. You shall hear her say — (*Sound of auto-horn, off, impatiently*).

Horn (*off*). Toot! Toot!

Rosa. That's Teresa! I must be off!

Prigio. Bother Teresa! Who is she?

Rosa. Another gypsy. She's waiting for me with a motor-car. Good-by! (*She starts to go*).

Prigio. But you haven't finished my fortune! You're frightfully clever.

Rosa (*at exit*). I know; but even you haven't a notion of how clever I really am. Hush! What if I should be overheard!

Horn (*off*). Toot! Toot!

Rosa. Good by! (*She runs off, laughing*).

Prigio. She *was* listening! And I believe — yes, I am positive — that I feel stupid!

(He appears pleased: The King and Queen enter from the palace; Molinda and Kathleena from the opposite side.)

King (*to Prigio*). Well, sir, Alphonso has been gone an hour and it's still hot, which probably means that you have sent your brother to certain death.

Queen (*wiping her eyes*). My poor Alphonso! He was a good boy.

Prigio. Let us hope he still is; he hasn't had time to get *very* bad.

Molinda. Oh, Kathleena! Isn't he heartless! (*Kathleena embraces Molinda*).

Kathleena. Yes, darling; he's a pig.

Messenger (*off*). Wireless for the King! Wireless for the King!

Molinda. Word from Alphonso! O joy! (*Messenger runs on waving envelope*).

Messenger. Wireless for the King! Wireless for the King!

King. Here, this is the King. Let me have it. Sign for it, my dear. (*Queen signs the book; King opens message and reads*). Listen to this: "ALPHONSO TOASTED TO A CRISP!" signed: "THE FIREDRAKE!"

All (*except Prigio*). ~~Horrors!~~

Prigio (*going*). A practical joke of Alphonso's. He's probably hiding round the corner. (*He exits languidly*).

King (*to Messenger*). Summon the ~~Court!~~ ^{Guests!} (*Exit Messenger*). This annoys me dreadfully — dreadfully!

Queen (*weeping*). And think how it must annoy Alphonso!

(Music cue. Enter CHORUS and the DUCHESS.)

No. 10. SCENE and ENSEMBLE: "Good People, I have a Wireless!"

KING

Good people, I have a wireless,
A wireless from the Firedrake.

CHORUS

The Firedrake! The Firedrake!
A terrible beast is the Firedrake!
Alphonso will
Directly kill
The horrid, torrid Firedrake!

KING

I am sorry to inform you
He'll do nothing of the kind;
Alphonso's ashes, probably,
Are scattered to the wind.

CHORUS

How very, very careless,
And not to say unkind,
To take Alphonso's ashes
And scatter them to the wind!

KING

There's no use asking Prigio,
He'll never volunteer;
Enrico now will have to go —

(Enrico appears at C. armed with sword).

ENRICO

Your Majesty, I am here!

CHORUS (*with enthusiasm*)

Hail the hero, bold and brave,
Hail! Hail! Hail!
Forth he goes our lives to save,
Enrico, hail!
With flashing sword and courage high
Enrico cannot fail
To smite the monster hip and thigh
And fetch his horns and tail.
Enrico is the bravest youth
In all Pantouflia,
His praises we sing like anything
And loudly shout: "hurrah!"

TUTTI

Farewell, Enrico!
Good will you do not lack;
Farewell, Enrico!
We hope you may come back.
But, should it chance
That you fail to re-appear,
Then to your mem'ry
We'll shed the silent tear!
Farewell!

ENRICO

Farewell!

CHORUS

Farewell!

(Enrico rushes off, holding his sword aloft, duplicating Alphonso's exit. All remain on, waving him farewell with handkerchiefs. As the excitement subsides, Prigio enters languidly, carrying a hand-grenade fire-extinguisher.)

Prigio. Too late! I was going to suggest this. (*Tosses the extinguisher into wings.*)

King. Unfeeling boy! You have sent your brother to certain death.

Prigio (*bored*). "Certain death!" You all have so much to say about "certain death."
Allow me to remark —

King. We will allow you to remark nothing! Listen to our Royal Decree. Alphonso has met a hero's fate, and as Enrico has gone in the same direction, he also, no doubt has met a hero's fate. These circumstances surround this spot with distressing associations and we have therefore decided to remove our Court to the Castle of Falkenstein.

Chorus. Hurray!

King. Prigio will remain here.

Chorus (*delighted*). Hurray! Hurray! (*Prigio bows unconcernedly*).

King. Without means of transportation and his allowance stopped from this instant!

Queen (*frantically*). I can't leave my Prigio behind!

King. You can try, my dear; I'll help you.

Queen (*tearfully*). You'll find a little cold rice-pudding in the refrigerator.

Prigio. Yes, mama.

Queen. And you won't forget to water the plants?

Prigio. No, mama.

Queen. And notify the milkman that we shall only want a quart after today.

Prigio. Yes, mama.

Queen. Oh, I *hate* to go off in a hurry!

King. Forward all mail and telegrams to Falkenstein.

Prigio. Yes, papa.

Messenger (*off*). Wireless for the King! Wireless for the King!

Kathleena. Word from Enrico! Oh, Molinda! (*Enter Messenger with envelope as before*).

Messenger. Wireless for the King! Wireless for the King!

(*King takes envelope, tears it open and reads:*)

King. "ENRICO ON THE FIRE: WILL YOU HAVE HIM TURNED?" Signed, "THE FIREDRAKE!"

Molinda
All (*except Prigio*). How dreadful! (*Kathleena weeps on Molinda's shoulder*).

Queen. My poor Enrico!

King. That settles it! There's nothing to keep us now. We start at once. (*To Prigio*).

As for you, sir — if the Fairies will help you, let 'em — I won't.

Prigio (*bored*). Thank you, sire; I don't believe in Fairies.

King. You'd better, sir, for I — *I disinherit you!*

Prigio. Very interesting; but I have already pointed out that the Constitution —

King (*triumphantly*). Constitution! Ah, ha! Thank you, sir, but *I don't believe in Constitutions!* Away!!

No. 11. ENSEMBLE: "We Leave You, Prigio."

CHORUS

We leave you, Prigio,
Alone with your reflections;
To Falkenstein we go
According to directions.
We fear your heart is hard,
Your motives reprehensible,
Your conduct we regard
As wholly indefensible. (*They start*).
Good by, Prigio!
We leave you to lament;
Good by, Prigio!
We hope you will repent.
Seclusion solitary
Will be good for you, we know,
'Tis time to start
And we must part,
So, good by, Prigio!

(All exeunt except Prigio. He watches them depart without emotion, waving a cheerful farewell.)

Prigio (*reflectively*). Disinherited! No money; no clothes but these I wear; no means of locomotion; cold rice-pudding. If I had boots and a cloak, I'd dine in Glucksberg. No — I forgot — no means of locomotion and Glucksberg forty-nine leagues away. (*He finds himself near the dustbin, which now attracts his attention*). I suppose all those Fairy things are in that dustbin. Now, if only I believed in Fairies — (*Music, "Fairies, Fairies."*) No harm in taking a look, anyway. (*He lifts the cover and peers into it*). Yes, there they are: Seven League Boots; Cloak of Darkness; (*He takes the things out as he names them*) Wishing Cap; Magic Carpet; Sword of Sharpness. I wonder if there *are* Fairies, after all. If there are, what a joke on me! I'll put these things on — and soon know!

No. 12. FINALE:

If It Be True.

PRIGIO

(*The stage
darkens*)

If it be true that Fairies
Have followed me everywhere,
Have watched my youthful footsteps
With tender, loving care,
Now then, for me the time has come
To put them to the test
The Fairy garments I will don
And they must do the rest!

These famous boots I first will try,
And that without delay;

(He puts on the Boots, Cloak and Cap and takes the sword in his hand, during which action the music continues. The stage grows very dim; spot on Prigio. He strikes an attitude, holding the sword aloft.)

*I wish I were in Glucksberg —
Nine and forty leagues away!*

(He holds the position for an instant, then all stage and house lights are cut out. A white shadow-drop is lowered in the first entrance and a calcium rigged close to stage and several feet up from white drop. When the lights go, Prigio steps back of calcium, which is then worked to light the drop. All the rest of the characters in the final scene then cross the stage between the drop and the calcium at the right distance to produce an effective shadow. This shadowgraph represents the departure of the King and his Court. As soon as they are off, the calcium is cut out long enough to get Prigio back into his first position, then turned on to show him for an instant on the shadow-drop; then, at music cue, he turns and steps over the calcium, producing the effect of taking immense and disappearing strides into space. All lights off. His seven strides are indicated in the orchestra; house and stage in total darkness, during which the curtain is lowered. As the last note of the "seven strides" ends, the house lights are turned on.)

END OF ACT I.

*Slow curtain
during steps*

ACT II

Ball room at the Spanish Embassy. The Curtain rises on the conclusion of a sarabande being danced by guests of the Ambassador. The dance immediately breaks up and is followed by a promenade while the opening ensemble is being sung, which, however, should be arranged with the same care as a dance. The number is intended to produce the effect of ball-room conversation. This is led by Teresa and Frederic.

No. 13. EMSEMBLE: "Thanks Immensely!"

MEN

Ah, thanks immensely! Charming, quite!

LADIES

How very, very warm to-night!
But still I thought the dance divine!

MEN

The second extra waltz is mine.

LADIES

I feel the need of sustenance,

MEN

I think this was the supper-dance;
I'm very glad that we have met;

LADIES

This dance I never shall forget!

MEN

A very pretty tune they played;

LADIES

The music is entrancing, yes;

MEN

Perhaps you'd like some lemonade?

LADIES

It's very warm for dancing, yes.
The decorations — very neat.

MEN

They must have cost a lot, you know;

LADIES

Your uniforms are such a treat!

MEN

They're quite the best we've got, you know.

ALL

A very pretty tune they played,
The music is entrancing;
Perhaps you'd like some lemonade?
It's very warm for dancing.
A very pretty tune they played!

(At conclusion, enter Roderigo.)

Roderigo. Ah, the dance, the dance! What more diverting than the light fantastic! Friends, you are welcome; my house is yours.

Teresa. Will your Excellency join us?

Roderigo. Thanks, no. I used to perform the fandango with some skill — (*He takes a few steps stiffly*) — but I have — ah — given it up. My daughter, Rosa, does the dancing for the family.

Frederic. Your daughter has charmed all Glucksberg with her grace.

Roderigo. Quite so. She inherits her grace, — (*Tries another step with no success*) — from her mother. Well, I suppose there is supper. I leave such matters entirely to my butler, Benson.

Teresa. Benson is a treasure.

Roderigo. Yes, Benson is gold — pure gold. (*He addresses two Footmen who stand one on each side of the entrance at C.*) Call Benson. (*The Footmen exeunt.*) It takes two men to call Benson. (*The Footmen re-enter preceding Benson, who enters in a dignified and stately manner.*)

Benson. Your Excellency.

Roderigo (*somewhat embarrassed*). Ah, yes, Benson. We are thinking of supper, you know. I suppose you will announce it when you are quite ready? (*Benson walks deliberately to the door at L., throws it open and poses.*)

Benson. Your Excellency is served!

EXIT.

Chorus

A very pretty tune they played,
The music was entrancing;
Perhaps you'd like some lemonade?
It's very warm for dancing.
A very pretty tune they played!

(*The Guests exeunt, together with Roderigo, Teresa and Frederic. Benson remains by the door in a rigid, motionless position. As the stage clears, the music of the "Seven Strides" is heard and Prigio enters. He wears the Seven League Boots, Wishing Cap and Sword; over one arm he carries a small cloak and over the other a small Persian rug. His manner is sprightly and interested in contrast with his languor in Act I.*)

Prigio. Well, I call that quick work — seven strides and here I am! (*Fairy music*). Either I am dreaming, or there *are* fairies! Here I am — but *where* am I? (*Sees Benson*). Ah! Wax-works! (*Goes to Benson and looks at him closely*). Hm-m! Lifelike — but quite horrible! (*Benson's face takes an expression of pained surprise and his mouth opens with a noiseless gasp.*) Hello! It's alive! Well, then, tell me who you are.

Benson (*frigidly*). The butler, sir.

Prigio. The butler. Then, of course, you know where I am.

Benson. At the Spanish Embassy, sir.

Prigio. I heard music. What's going on?

Benson. A ball, sir. Shall I announce you, sir?

Prigio. Not yet; I'll wait here a minute.

Benson. Very well, sir. (*Benson starts to go*).

Prigio. And you might put that in the hall. (*He hands carpet-rug to Benson*). Be careful of it; it's a magic carpet.

Benson (*betraying no surprise*). Very good, sir. (*Benson exits in a stately manner*).

Prigio (*watching him off*). I never saw one like that. (*He looks down at his attire*). A ball! And I in this costume! It won't do at all. Ah, but I have my Wishing Cap and can wish for my best Court suit. (*Puts his hand to his cap, stops and listens*). Someone coming! I will make myself invisible! (*He throws the Cloak over his shoulders and takes a position at C. Roderigo and Frederic enter from the supper-room*).

Roderigo. What do you tell me? Prince Prigio seen in our streets?

Frederic. At this very door, sir.

Roderigo (*excited*). He has come to my ball!

(They have walked toward C. where Prigio stands. They have the appearance of not seeing him. Prigio stands motionless until Roderigo and Frederic collide with him, then he steps quickly aside, laughing silently).

Frederic (*to Roderigo*). I beg your pardon, sir.

Roderigo. I beg yours. I fear I bumped you.

Frederic. Not at all, sir; I bumped you.

Roderigo. It's of no consequence. (*They take a few steps and turn, coming back toward Prigio, who resumes a position directly in their path.*) This takes us by surprise.

Frederic. I think we can receive him suitably, sir.

Roderigo. I hope so. They say it is hard to make an impression on him. (*They again collide violently with Prigio, who moves away as before*).

Frederic. I beg your pardon, sir!

Roderigo. I beg yours; I fear I bumped you.

Frederic. I thought I bumped you!

Roderigo. Not at all. Very extraordinary! Let us call Benson. (*Rings bell*).

(Benson enters: Prigio steps towards him and stands directly in his path. Benson bows to Roderigo with the appearance of not seeing Prigio.)

Benson. Your Excellency!

Roderigo. Ah, Benson — this way, if you please. (*Benson moves stolidly towards Roderigo and collides with Prigio, who steps aside. Benson proceeds unmoved*). By the way, you stopped just now in a very singular manner, as though you had been bumped.

Benson. I should hardly say "bumped," your Excellency; I encountered something.

Roderigo. Frederic, he encountered something. This is mysterious. It seems to me that we encountered something.

Frederic. I think we did, sir.

Roderigo. Benson, this is supernatural.

Benson (*unmoved*). Very likely, sir.

Roderigo. Well, I won't have it. We never had anything supernatural in the house — until — ah — you came. Don't let this happen again. You may go. (*To Frederic*). Shall we resume supper?

(They exeunt into the supper-room. Benson bows them off and then proceeds to exit at C. On the way he again collides with Prigio, but appears to take no notice of the matter and exits in his usual manner.)

Prigio (*laughing*). I'm invisible safe enough! I wonder if I am dreaming. (*He takes off the Wishing Cap and looks at it*). Anyway, I'll try for my Court suit with my Wishing Cap! (*He runs off. As he disappears, Rosa and Teresa enter from the supper-room*).

Rosa. ~~Teresa, are you sure?~~

Teresa. Frederic says that Prince Prigio was seen — tonight — in front of this house!

(Rosa starts towards the entrance to the supper-room. As she does so, Roderigo enters from the supper-room, followed by Frederic. Rosa and Roderigo speak simultaneously and in exact unison.)

Rosa.

I must tell Papa. Papa,
Prince Prigio is — oh,
You've heard? Yes.

Roderigo

I must tell Rosa. Rosa,
Prince Prigio is — oh,
You've heard? Yes.

Teresa (to Frederic). Isn't it exciting! A real Prince in the house!

Frederic (Unconcerned). Oh, a Prince isn't anything special. (The guests have flocked in from the supper-room.)

Rosa. When is he coming?

Roderigo (excited). Any minute! (~~He rings bell, enter Footman~~). Call Benson. (Footman exits).

Rosa. Any minute! Teresa, am I all right? (She feels of her hair and her belt behind. Benson enters).

Roderigo. Ah, Benson, if a Prince should call, show him ^{up} at once.

(Prigio has appeared at balcony entrance. He is attired in magnificent Court costume.)

Prigio. I will save you the trouble, Benson; I am Prince Prigio. (Sensation. Benson bows and stands aside. Prigio comes down.)

Roderigo (overcome). My dear Prince! You honor me!

Prigio. Not at all — not at all.

Roderigo. May I present my daughter, sir?

Prigio. Let us dispense with formality. (He takes Rosa's hand). Senorita, my service! (He kisses her hand).

Rosa (with curtsy). Sir, you are kind. (Prigio looks sharply at her, apparently puzzled. Rosa looks down demurely.)

Roderigo. Some refreshment would be welcome, sir, I'm sure. Benson, his Royal Highness will sup.

Prigio (inquiringly to Rosa). Senorita —?

Rosa. If your Royal Highness will excuse me —

(Prigio, still puzzled, goes to the supper-room door, followed by Roderigo, Teresa and Frederic. At the door he stops and draws back, indicating that the others shall precede him; they object but Prigio, in pantomime, insists, he standing to one side and bowing them off. The Chorus of Guests disperse on the balcony and elsewhere in ball-room fashion. Benson is left standing at the other side of the door, and Prigio also bows him off. Benson exits, drawing himself up with immense dignity at being shown out by a Prince. Prigio comes down to Rosa.)

Prigio. You are the gypsy that made a fool of me!

Rosa. I am the gypsy — but as for making a fool of you — I never interfere with other people's business.

Prigio. I wonder what you mean by that. And you never finished my fortune. (Holds out his hand). Tell me the rest.

Rosa. Oh, I couldn't think of it. You see — I'm not dressed for fortune-telling.

Prigio. Dressed for it! Dress doesn't make a fortune-teller.

Rosa. But it sometimes makes — a fortune. Tonight I'm dressed for dancing.

Prigio. Are you fond of dancing?

Rosa. Crazy about it! But it's one of those things one mustn't overdo.

(The Guests have re-assembled in the ball-room.)

No. 14. SONG:

Dancing Dinah.

(ROSA, PRIGIO AND CHORUS)

ROSA

Dancing Dinah was a girl
Who wouldn't mind her ma;
In fact 'tis stated that she wouldn't
Even mind her pa!
She didn't care for lessons,
But she dearly loved to dance,
And did a waltz or minuet
When e'er she got a chance.

REFRAIN

ROSA

Dinah danced in the morning,
And Dinah danced at noon;
She danced at night
By the silver light
That shone from the crescent moon.
She danced so very lightly,
Her feet would scarcely touch,
But we contend
That in the end,
Miss Dinah danced too much!

(The refrain is repeated by Chorus).

II

ROSA

Dinah danced among the flow'rs
Upon a summer's day;
She hover'd o'er the mignonette
And honeysuckle spray.
We can't say how it happened,
And it doesn't signify,
But Dancing Dinah, then and there,
Became a butterfly!

REFRAIN

ROSA

Dinah danced in the morning,
And Dinah danced at noon;
She danced at night
By the silver light
That shone from the crescent moon;
And if you're fond of dancing,
This moral we'll apply:
Look out that you
Don't turn into
A Dancing Butterfly!

(This song is followed by a Dance which takes the Chorus off, leaving Prigio and Rosa. † Note: if desirable, a Butterfly Dance can be introduced here, by a special group of dancers, for which music is provided in the score.)

Prigio (*at conclusion*). Gypsy you are — and a fairy witch besides.

Rosa. But the clever Prince Prigio doesn't believe in Fairies.

Prigio. I believe in them *now*, Rosa.

Rosa. It is the privilege of Princes to say pretty things, but — alas! —

Prigio. Forget that I am a Prince! Indeed, it is small distinction being Prince Prigio just now.

Rosa. What do you mean?

Prigio. I am the most unpopular man in Pantouflia!

Rosa. Poor thing!

Prigio. Very poor, for — I am disinherited.

Rosa. But my father tells me that you *can't* be disinherited.

Prigio. I can't — but I am!

Rosa. But the Constitution?

Prigio. Well, you see, my father hasn't *got* a very good Constitution. But don't pity me; it's my own fault.

Rosa. How so?

Prigio. I let my two brothers go off to fight the Firedrake!

Rosa. The Firedrake? I never heard of a Firedrake. Is it a political position?

Prigio. The Firedrake is said to be a red-hot monster that devastates the country wherever he goes.

Rosa. Bless me! And what happened to your brothers?

Prigio. Well, they never came back. I fancy the Firedrake got them.

Rosa. How dreadful! I hope he won't come here.

Prigio. Fear not! I would instantly slay him!

Rosa. But why didn't you instantly slay him in the first place?

Prigio (*lamely*). Well, — ah — you see, I didn't believe in Firedrakes.

Rosa. And you *do*, now?

Prigio. The past hour has changed my views entirely. I'm afraid there *is* a Firedrake.

Rosa. Then surely he ought to be — a — extinguished.

Prigio. Shall I do it — for *you*?

Rosa. Isn't that business for the firemen?

Prigio. No! For *you* it is the business of the Fire-Prince! Shall I put him out?

Rosa (*politely*). If you don't mind.

Prigio. And bring you his horns and tail?

Rosa. That would be gratifying.

Prigio. Say no more! They shall be yours at once. I have my Magic Carpet in the hall—

Rosa (*alarmed*). But you will share your brothers' fate! I should never forgive myself!

Prigio. Rosa, I know nothing about Firedrakes; but I have a Magic Carpet, A Wishing Cap, A Cloak of Darkness, Seven League Boots and a Sword of Sharpness. It will have to be a pretty live Firedrake that escapes me!

Rosa. Very well; if you're not afraid, I won't be. Shall you be gone long?

Prigio. No time at all. By the way, Rosa, it will be the usual thing, I suppose: when I return, I claim your hand?

Rosa. Well, — you may speak to papa.

Prigio. Then I'm off! (*Rings bell; enter Benson*). Benson, my Magic Carpet!

Benson. It awaits your Royal Highness.

Prigio. *Au revoir*, Rosa! In a jiffy you shall have the horns and tail of the Firedrake!
(*He runs off. Rosa begins to have misgivings.*)

Rosa. Oh, dear! I shouldn't have let him go. Benson!

Benson. Yes, miss.

Rosa. Go and see him off, Benson. (*Exit Benson*). Magic Carpets are so unreliable!
(*She weeps; enter Roderigo.*)

Roderigo. My daughter in tears? What is the matter, Rosa?

Rosa (*sobbing*) Prince Prigio! (*Benson re-enters*). Well, Benson?

Benson. He got off very well, miss, and is going nicely on high speed.

Roderigo (*impatiently*). Who's going nicely? What is he talking about?

Rosa (*still sobbing*). Prince Prigio. He's gone to bring me the horns and tail of the Fire-drake!

Roderigo. Horns and tail of a Firedrake! What next! Something to trim a hat with, I suppose. What is a Firedrake?

Rosa (*weeping bitterly as she goes*). I don't know! (*She exits*).

Roderigo. Benson, what do you know about this?

Benson. Well sir, all I know is that his Royal Highness has what he calls a Magic Carpet, and he's gone away on it to kill the Firedrake.

Roderigo. Benson, did you ever see a Firedrake?

Benson. Never, sir; but I understand it's an uncommonly hot animal.

(*Benson exits: Frederic enters, attended by Trumpeters. He bears a large official looking document.*)

Frederic. Your Excellency, I have just received this Royal Proclamation with orders to make it public at once.

Roderigo. Bless me! What is it? (*Takes the document*). Ah, it appears to be — er — set to music.

Frederic. So it seems, sir.

Roderigo. Are you a vocalist?

Frederic (*modestly*). I sing a little, sir; second tenor.
(*Roderigo examines the document closely.*)

Roderigo. Ah, yes; second tenor. But this seems to be for — er — baritone. As my voice happens to be baritone, — er — perhaps I'd better make the announcement.

Frederic (*disappointed*). My voice is a very low tenor.

Roderigo. I daresay; but there seem to be some rather exacting passages, and if — ah — you don't mind —

Frederic (*stiffly*). Oh, very well, very well.

(*Frederic clearly disgruntled. Roderigo signals the Trumpeters who sound fanfare. Guests enter.*)

No. 16. ENSEMBLE: The Proclamation.

RODERIGO

A Proclamation here have I,—
I didn't mind his bringing it,
But I'm quite agitated by
The necessity of singing it. (*Frederic disgusted*)

CHORUS

The usual excuses
We're familiar with of old;
We know you're out of practice
And of course you have a cold!

RODERIGO

I'm always willing to oblige,
In fact, I can't refuse,
If all my little weaknesses
You kindly will excuse.

(He clears his throat and makes elaborate preparations to sing. Frederic scornful. The Trumpeters sound fanfare.)

THE PROCLAMATION.

RODERIGO

Whereas: our fair dominion has
Been lately devastated,
And two sons of ours, we are informed,
Have been annihilated
By a monster called the Firedrake,
This announcement will advise you,
Will communicate, impart to you
And likewise will apprise you
That whosoe'er will venture forth
And get upon the trail of him,
And to our Court at Falkenstein
Will bring the horns and tail of him,
Shall win a thousand purses! And,
There being naught to hinder,
Crown prince become and also wed
Our niece, the fair Molinda!

CHORUS

A thousand purses! Think of that!
There being naught to hinder,
Crown prince become and also wed
The Royal Niece, Molinda!

Frederic (*at conclusion*). I congratulate your Excellency on your wonderful performance.

Roderigo. Thanks, I'm sure. I *used* to sing quite passably.

Frederic. I daresay.

Roderigo. But what do you make of this proclamation?

Frederic. A chance to win a fortune and a bride at the same time. And Lady Molinda is very beautiful.

Roderigo (*musings*). Hm-mm! So I understand. Frederic, I don't mind confiding in you.

Frederic (*still huffy*). Don't, sir, unless you feel like it.

Roderigo. But I *do*. Frederic, I am a widower.

Frederic. Yes, sir.

Roderigo (*confidentially*). Frederic, did you ever hear of an ambassador engaging in — ah — combat with a Firedrake?

Frederic (*decidedly*). Never, sir!

Roderigo (*taken aback*). Oh! You don't think it would be — a — the *thing*, so to speak?

Frederic (*explosively*). Decidedly *not*, sir!

Roderigo (*disappointed*). Mmm. Well, never mind. (*To guests*). Let us resume our supper. I daresay the Firedrake will keep till morning.

(The Chorus exeunt singing the last measures of the preceding number. Roderigo and Frederic follow. Benson, William and three other Pages remain on the stage.)

Benson (*to William*). Now then! What are *you* waiting ~~about~~ for?

William. We want to speak to you, sir.

Benson. Very well; I don't mind your speaking to me — occasionally.

William. Well, sir; we want to fight the Firedrake.

Benson (*amazed*). Fight the Firedrake! What for?

William. So one of us can be Crown Prince.

Benson (*scornfully*). Crown Prince! Ridiculous! What, risk your silly lives to be Crown Prince, when if you stay at home and follow my advice, you may finally get to be *Butlers*! I never heard of such a thing!

William (*humbly*). We never thought of that, sir; perhaps you're right.

Benson. Right! Of course I am! I ought to know.

No. 17. SONG: You will surely be a Butler by and by.

BENSON

In the families of wealthy British peers
I have occupied some very useful spheres;
I have found them quite congenial,
And you couldn't call them menial,
For I've been a Butler five-and-twenty years.

PAGES

Well! Well!

BENSON

I adorn the high position I have won,
In my special line I am excelled by none;
As I take it your ambition
Is to better your position
If you'll listen, I will tell you how it's done.

PAGES

Do tell!

REFRAIN

BENSON

If you cultivate a manner full of dignity,
And an absence of expression from the eye,
With an air of rather tolerant benignity,
You will surely be a Butler by and by.

PAGES

Oh, to cultivate a manner full of dignity
And an absence of expression from the eye,
With an air of rather tolerant benignity,
Is the way to be a Butler by and by!

II

BENSON

When the bell has rung a dozen times or two,
And you finally decide it is for you,
'Tis a trifle — never worry,
And of course you'll never hurry,
For no master will respect you if you do.

PAGES

Well! Well!

BENSON

Bear in mind your neck was never made to bend,
If to bow at all you care to condescend,
To support yourself uprightly
And incline the body — slightly,
Is the method that I highly recommend.

PAGES

Do tell!

(The refrain is repeated as before; Slow, eccentric dance: Benson and Pages and exeunt. When all are off for the last time, a bell rings off. Benson and William re-enter very deliberately, William imitating the manner of Benson.)

Benson (*languidly*). William, the bell. (*Bell again*).

William (*without excitement*). Yes, sir.

(Bell again, impatiently. William finally exits, C. in the Benson manner and reappears, showing in Prigio, who bustles on, carrying a large bundle under his arm. William exits.)

Prigio (*briskly*). Ah, Benson; back again, you see, safe and sound. (*Hands his bundle to Benson*). And there, in that bundle, are *the horns and tail of the Firedrake!*

Benson (*wholly unmoved*). Very good, sir.

Prigio. I left my Magic Carpet in the hall. Put the bundle with it.

Benson. Very good, sir.

(Benson turns to go off, C. As he does so, the tail of the Firedrake escapes from the bundle and trails on the floor behind Benson, who is unconscious of it and exits with his customary dignity.)

Prigio. Now for Rosa! (*Rosa enters*).

Rosa (*delighted*). Prigio!

Prigio. Rosa! Here I am and have brought you the horns and tail of the Firedrake.

Rosa. How lovely! (*Enter Roderigo*). Papa, here is Prince Prigio and he has killed the Firedrake!

Roderigo. Well, well! Killed the Firedrake! That's fortunate. He can now claim the reward.

Prigio. Reward? What reward?

Roderigo. Your Royal father has offered a thousand purses for the horns and tail of the Firedrake.

Prigio. That's all right — I have them outside.

Roderigo. And — a — you also get the hand of the fair Molinda.

Prigio. The fair Molinda! No, thank you. I seek your daughter's hand and want no other. (*He draws Rosa to his side; she hides her face on his shoulder.*)

Roderigo. Ahem! Is — a — Rosa willing? (*Rosa lifts her head a moment from Prigio's shoulder.*)

Rosa. Yes, papa. (*Hides her face again immediately.*)

Roderigo. Ah, then I daresay it can be managed, sir. But let's see the horns and tail we've heard so much about. (*Rings bell; William enters.*) William, bring in Prince Prigio's horns and tail.

William (*confused and stammering*). B--b-b-b-b-b-beg p-p-p-p-pardon, sir, but they're g-g-g-g-gone!

Roderigo. Gone!

Rosa and Prigio. Gone!

Roderigo. Send Benson here at once!

William. But-but-but-but-but-but-but-but ———

Roderigo. Stop that noise! You sound like a power-boat. What are you trying to say. Send Benson!

William. B-b-b-b-b-Benson has gone too!

Roderigo (*unconsciously imitating William in his excitement*). B-b-b-b-b-b-Benson gone too! Explain yourself!

William. Well, sir, it happened this way. Benson was a-standin' on that there piece o' carpet in the hallway, sir, with the horns and tail under his arm, sir, when he says to himself, not knowin' I was by, he says, "This here horns and tail is good for a pot o' money," says he, "an' I wish I was the lucky chap what brings 'em to the King," says he.

Roderigo. Well? What happened then?

William. Well, sir, the hall winder was standin' open, sir, an' the fust thing I knew, *out* he went, sir, through the winder on that there carpet — horns an' tail an' all, sir, an' I ain't seen him sence! (*He bursts into tears*).

Roderigo. You young rascal!

William (*whimpering*). I ain't done nothin', sir.

Roderigo. That's the trouble. Why didn't you catch hold of him?

William (*in amazement*). Ketch hold o' Benson! Me! Why, sir, Benson's the *Butler!* (*William exits sniffing*).

Prigio. My carpet ran away with him. He's in Falkenstein by now.

Rosa. He'll claim the reward!

Prigio. He won't get it then; for I brought not only the horns and tail of the Firedrake, but his *hoofs* as well, and I've got them safe in my hat-box.

Rosa. What shall we do?

Prigio. I'll put on my Seven League Boots and go to Falkenstein at once.

Rosa. Oh, Prigio! To leave me so soon!

Prigio. Only for a jiffy, dearest; and I'll bring everybody back on my Magic Carpet. (*Prigio runs off; Roderigo stares after him in astonishment*).

Roderigo. What an extraordinary young man! I suppose, my dear, you have considered the consequences of marrying a person, who has so many contrivances for rapidly absentsing himself from home?

Rosa. I have no fears, papa.

Roderigo. I daresay not. But I can't help thinking that your mother would have considered Seven League Boots, an entirely unnecessary part of my wardrobe. (*Roderigo exits as Teresa and Guests enter*).

Rosa (*confidentially*). Teresa, I have something grand to tell you.

Teresa. I know — you're engaged.

Rosa. Sh-h-h! Yes, I'm engaged.

Teresa. Prigio, of course.

Rosa (*impatiently*). Why "of course?" Isn't there *any* way a girl can get engaged without *everybody* knowing it before *she* does?

Teresa (*complacently*). I did. *Mine* isn't announced yet.

Rosa. Announced! You can save yourself the trouble. Everybody has known *that* for weeks!

Teresa (*beginning to cry*). Weeks! Why, Frederic only asked me this evening.

Rosa. What has "asking" got to do with it? *You* knew you were engaged a month ago.

Teresa (*in tears*). You're perfectly horrid!

Rosa (*laughs*). Forgive me, dear; I was joking. We'll tell everybody.

Teresa (*indicating Guests*). Tell *them* — that will be enough.

No. 18. SONG:

The Shower and the Flower.

ROSA

Once an Enterprising Show'r
Climbed o'er the garden wall,
And boldly kissed Miss Almond-Flow'r,
Who didn't mind at all,
Fa, la!
She didn't mind at all!

TERESA

Fa, la!
He boldly kissed Miss Almond-Flow'r,
Who didn't mind at all!

ROSA

Almond-Flow'r cried: "What a treat!
I hope you'll stay to tea."
"Well, since you are so very sweet,
I think I will," said he.
Fa, la!
"I think I will," said he.

REFRAIN

ROSA

In a garden gay with roses,
With lilies, fair and tall,
In a world of pretty posies,
She was sweetest of them all!

CHORUS

In a garden gay with roses,
With lilies, fair and tall,
In a world of pretty posies,
She was sweetest of them all!

II

ROSA

Then the Sun came into view,
And to the Show'r said he:
"I think I'll have to trouble you
To come along with me."
Fa, la!
To come along with me!"

TERESA

Fa, la!
I think I'll have to trouble you
To come along with me!"

ROSA

Sad was poor Miss Almond-Flow'r
And wept, the people say;
But, oh! that quite persistent Show'r
Came round again next day,
Fa, la!
Came round again next day!

REFRAIN

ROSA

In a garden gay with roses, etc.

(Dance, if desirable, and exeunt.)

(Roderigo enters at L. At the same moment William rushes on at C. in great excitement.)

William (*pointing off, C.*). Oh, look, sir! Please look!

Roderigo. Bless my stars! What is it?

William. We think it's Benson comin' back on the Magic Carpet!

(*Frederic enters.*)

Roderigo. Extraordinary! Frederic, what do you make of it?

Frederic. Reckless flying. (*Rosa runs on C.*)

Rosa. Papa, it's Prigio. (*All shade their eyes with their hands and look off the balcony into the sky.*)

Roderigo. He has a large party.

Frederic. I see the King and Queen!

Roderigo. And the Duchess!

Frederic. Lady Molinda.

Rosa. Kathleena!

William (*rushing down*). And there's Benson! Look out! They're comin' right in the winder!

(All run down stage in confusion. The Guests and Teresa rush on in great excitement. Wood and glass crash off, then silence; Benson appears at entrance, C.)

Benson (*unmoved*). Did you ring, sir?

Roderigo (*amazed and confused*). Ring! Why, — a — well, — a — yes. Coffee in the drawing-room.

Benson (*customary manner*). Very good, sir. (*He exits*).

(Prigio enters at C. conducting the Duchess, Molinda and Kathleena. Roderigo takes charge of the Duchess, Molinda goes to Rosa and Kathleena to Teresa.)

Prigio. Back again! Rather a poor landing. I tried for the balcony and made the hall window. But we're all here.

(The King appears in the balcony entrance. He is a good deal ruffled and disgusted.)

Roderigo. Your Majesty!

King. That's the last time you'll catch *me* on a Magic Carpet!

Roderigo. I hope her Majesty, the Queen, is also here.

King. Her Majesty, the Queen, *is* also here — but don't expect her to *admit* it. She's had her eyes shut ever since we started and claims she's at home, in bed — dreaming!

(The Queen appears at the balcony entrance. Her eyes are tightly closed. Her hair is coming down and she presents a generally dishevelled appearance. She stands in the entrance an instant in a rigid attitude, then comes stiffly down with her eyes still closed.)

Roderigo (*to Queen*). Your Majesty!

Queen (*eyes closed*). I am dreaming!

King (*to the company generally*). I told you so.

Prigio (*going to Queen*). Mama, you are at the Spanish Embassy.

Queen (*eyes closed*). Go away! I am *not* here!

Roderigo. Perhaps if ~~your~~ Majesty would lie down —

Queen (*eyes closed*). Go away! I shall stay where I am — but I am *not* here!

(Prigio leads the Queen aside, where she maintains a rigid attitude with her eyes tightly closed.)

King (*to Roderigo*). Now, your Excellency, perhaps you can explain the situation.

Roderigo. I hope so, your Majesty, when I learn what it is.

King. Your butler, Benson, appeared at our castle in Falkenstein this evening, with the horns and tail of the Firedrake and claimed the reward.

Roderigo. Benson! The impudent scoundrel! (*Benson enters.*)

Benson (*usual manner*). Your Excellency, coffee is served!

Roderigo. Benson, what does this mean? *You* — claiming to have killed the Firedrake!

Benson. Beg pardon, sir; I never claimed I killed him. The Proclamation says, "whoever brings 'em". I brought 'em! (*Benson walks back to entrance with much dignity.*)

King. Then who *did* kill the Firedrake?

Prigio. I did, sire.

King (*annoyed*). Oh, yes, *you* did! Of course. Trust *you*! Where's your proof?

Prigio. William, my hat-box! (*Exit William*). Father, I humbly crave pardon for my blindness and hope I have partly atoned for it. (*Re-enter William with hat-box*). Here are the *hoofs of the Firedrake*! (*The King peers into the open hat-box*).

King. Hoofs, eh?

Prigio. Now, how about the reward?

King (*grudgingly*). Well, I suppose I'll have to give it to you. (*Takes a cheque from his pouch*). There's a cheque for a thousand purses. (*Hands it to Prigio*). And that's a lot of money!

Prigio. Thanks, father. Rosa, now that my father and mother are here —

Queen (*stony, eyes closed*). I am *not* here!

Prigio — we can marry at once.

King. What's this? Marry Rosa? Certainly *not*! By terms of the Proclamation you marry Molinda.

Prigio (*bowing to Molinda*). A great honor; but I must decline it. (*Molinda tosses her head.*)

King. Decline it! Give me back that cheque!

Prigio. Sorry, father, but I need the money.

King. Then you'll marry Molinda.

(Prigio takes Rosa's hand and places a ring on her finger.)

Prigio. I am now betrothed to Rosa and nothing on earth shall part us!

(He embraces Rosa. Molinda, Teresa, Kathleena and the Duchess surround her to examine the ring. Rosa, in Prigio's embrace, holds out her hand so they can get a good look.)

King. Don't be too sure of that. Frederic!

Frederic. Sire.

King. I suppose the family gallows is in working order?

Frederic. Never better, sire.

King. Very well. (*To Prigio*). Now then, sir, you have your choice. *There* is the gallows — and *here* is Molinda.

Molinda. But I don't want to marry him; my heart is with Alphonso!

King. Silence! A King's word may not be broken. Now, sir, Molly or the gibbet!

Prigio. Sir, is there no other way? Suppose I undertake to restore my brothers to the bosom of our family?

King (*hesitatingly*). Well, that might make a difference.

Prigio. Very well, then. Leave me; and if I do not forthwith produce my brothers alive and well, I will save you the trouble of hanging me — I will destroy myself!

(*Prigio's speech has caused a sensation. Rosa weeps.*)

No. 19. ENSEMBLE: "My Unbelief I do Repent."

PRIGIO

My unbelief I do repent,
Unhappy mortal, I!
To death my brothers bravely went,
I'll bring them back — or die!

CHORUS

We are glad that the lad
Isn't really half so bad,
Of his duty he will not be shy;
He is blue, it is true,
But the thing for him to do
Is to bring his brothers back — or die!

ROSA

My breaking heart now cries, "Alas!"
"Alas!" the winds reply;
So lately won, my lover new
Must needs go off and die!

TUTTI

ROSA AND PRIGIO
My (her) breaking heart
Now cries "Alas!"
"Alas!" the winds reply;
So lately won,
My (her) lover new
Must needs go off
And die!

TUTTI

We are glad that the lad
Isn't really half so bad,
Of his duty he will not be shy;
He is blue, it is true,
But the thing for him to do
Is to bring his brothers back —
Or die!

KING

I have not the slightest notion
That you ever will return,
Fatal consequences surely will ensue;
But since you're really going,
You'll be gratified to learn
That we think it quite the proper thing to do.

CHORUS

Oh, yes!
We think it quite the proper thing to do!

PRIGIO

Rosa, to thee, farewell!
And though the dark clouds lower,
Be brave, dear heart,
They will depart —
'Tis nothing but a shower.

CHORUS

Rosa, he says farewell!
And though the dark clouds lower,
Ah! do not shrink —
He seems to think
It's nothing but a shower!

PRIGIO

So leave me now —

CHORUS

We leave you now!

PRIGIO

My fate alone to meet;

CHORUS (*moving off*)

Farewell — alone your fate to meet,
We leave you now — farewell!

(All exeunt. Rosa last. She embraces Prigio and runs off in tears.)

No. 20. FAIRY SCENE.

(PRIGIO AND FAIRIES)

PRIGIO

If it be true that Fairies
Are following everywhere,
And still my steps are guiding
With tender, loving care,
If so it be, again I call,
My faith I would renew;
My Guardian Spirits — now appear
And show me what to do!

(The Fairies appear, and if desirable, a ballet may be introduced. At the conclusion, the Premiere places a vial in Prigio's hand and the Fairies disappear.)

(Prigio starts to his feet and comes down, reading from the label on the vial. Music continues.)

Prigio (*reading*). "WATER FROM THE MIRACULOUS FOUNTAIN OF LIFE"
Directions. "POUR ON THE ASHES OF YOUR BROTHERS AND THEY WILL
INSTANTLY SPRING TO LIFE." Hurrah! Fairies forever! (*Looks again at vial.*)
Hold on! Here's something else. (*Reads.*) "SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING."
Well — I — should — say so! (*He shakes vial with each word.*) What ho! My Magic
Carpet! I'm off! (*He exits.*)

(Stage totally dark; a passage of music descriptive of Prigio's undertaking and progress; then a dim light, with spot on Rosa, who has entered while stage was dark. She stands at balcony entrance, looking off.)

Rosa. Oh, joy! Father! Everybody! They're coming!

(Lights. Enter Omnes. The Queen maintaining her stony demeanor with eyes still tightly closed.)

Roderigo (*as he comes on*). My dear, what is it?

Rosa. Prigio and his brothers!

King. Nonsense! What? (*to Queen*). My dear, do you hear that?

Queen. I hear *nothing*!

Rosa. Then behold! (*Prigio, Alphonso and Enrico appear at C.*).

Prigio. Back again!

Omnes. Hurray!

King. My sons! (*To Queen*). Isadora! (*She does not change*). Isadora, with your eyes shut you look every minute of your age! (*Queen instantly opens her eyes. Alphonso and Enrico embrace her.*)

Molinda. What a dreadful experience you've had!

Alphonso. Bit of a stifler — what?

Enrico. Rather!

Queen. And who restored you?

Prigio. The Fairies, mother! We were wrong. There *are* Fairies! (*He takes Rosa's hand*). Now have I your Majesty's consent to marry Rosa?

King. My consent and blessing. You have redeemed yourself. But — *can't* you stop being so infernally clever?

Prigio (*sadly*). I fear not.

Rosa. Dearest, why don't you put on your Wishing Cap and wish — *to be no cleverer than other people?*

Prigio. A brilliant thought!

Omnes. Hurray!

Prigio (*preparing to don Cap*). I wonder I didn't think of that myself. Very well, my love. (*He comes down to the footlights and addresses the audience.*) No, I can't wish that. Every man has *one* secret from his wife; this shall be mine: (*He puts on Cap*). I WISH TO **SEEM** NO CLEVERER THAN OTHER PEOPLE!

No. 21. FINALE:

PRINCIPALS

A long and happy life for all

At last we can foresee,
For Prigio will always be

No cleverer than we!

CHORUS

We are glad that the lad
Isn't really half so bad
As we used to believe him to be
If it's true that in future
He'll take another view
And will be no cleverer than we!

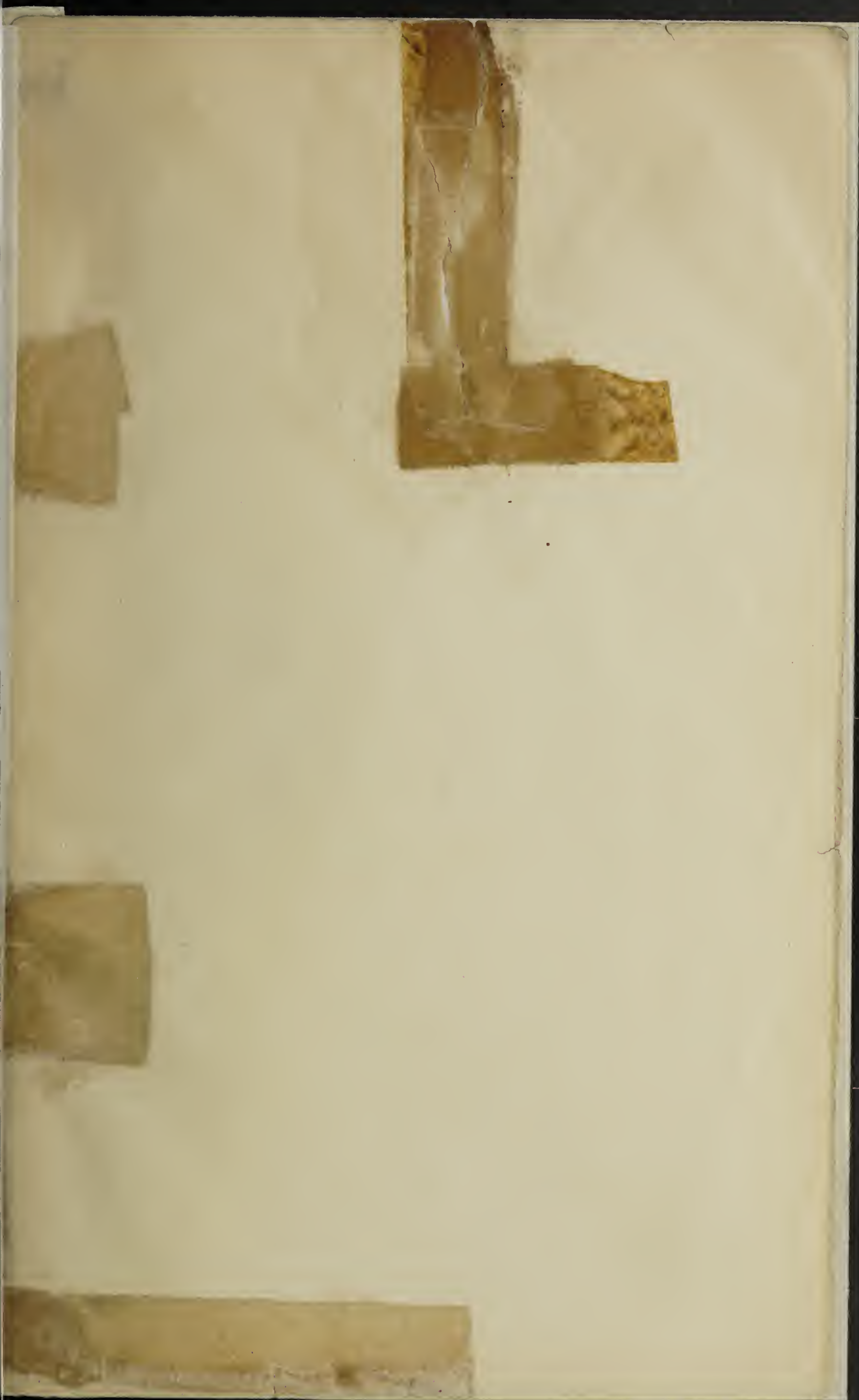
TUTTI

Fairies! Fairies!
We all believe in Fairies.
Say what you may,
We'll have our way,
And will believe in Fairies!

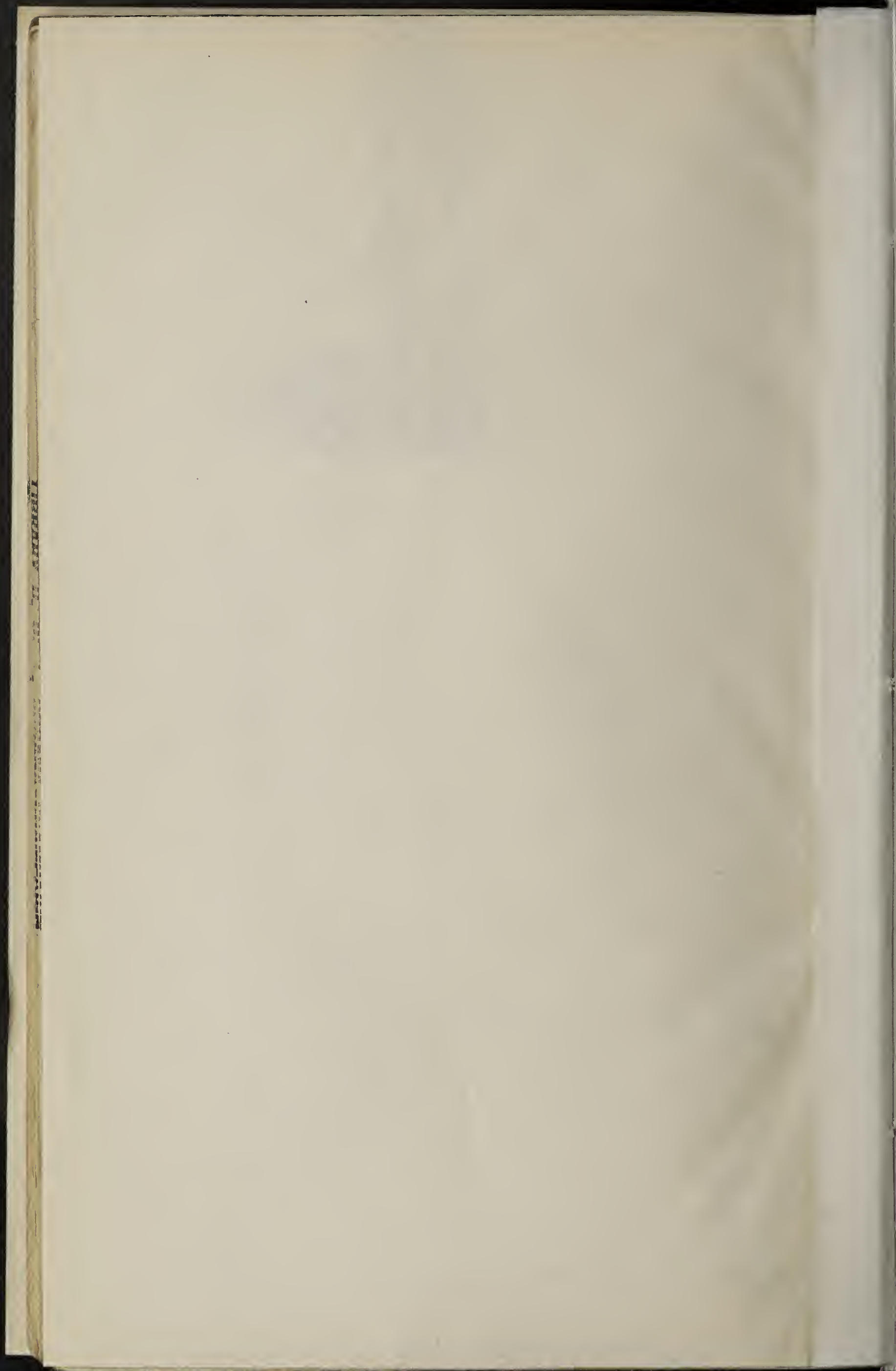
CURTAIN

End of the Operetta

LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK



LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

782.6H117F1917 C001
THE FIRE-PRINCE, AN OPERETTA BOST



3 0112 014574872